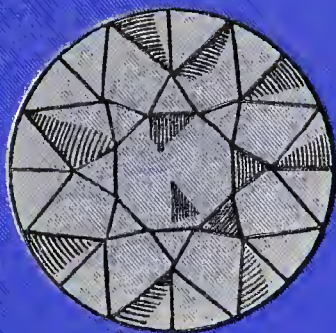


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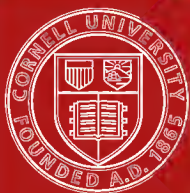
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CAPE TOWN AND ITS HARBOR—THE METROPOLIS AND SEAPORT OF SOUTH AFRICA

South Africa Today

—BY—

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CHICAGO
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OUTWARD BOUND

ABOUT the time that Rip Van Winkle began his long nap in Sleepy Hollow, one of his countrymen was busy making a legend for South Africa. It was then the Flying Dutchman started out on the longest voyage in history. This was the period of Dutch enterprise and venture. The sea was dotted with the vessels of the merchants of Amsterdam. Not only were they building a city at the mouth of the Hudson, but they were the most prosperous colonists of India and its islands. At the Cape of Good Hope the Dutch East India Company ruled supreme.

It took brave hearts to venture on the seas in those clumsy Dutch ships and the sailors told fearful stories of the "Cape of Storms," but Captain van der Decken laughed at their fears, and vowed he would double the Cape in spite of wave and wind. His vessel never came to port; for one whole day he tried to bring his ship to anchor in Table Bay, then at nightfall he swore in his wrath that he would have his will if it took him until the day of judgment. The sea he defied is mocking him still, and if you have the right kind of eyes you may see in the midst of storm and darkness the light of a vessel far out at sea and a shadowy form before the mast. There are those who believe that the Flying Dutchman has been for-

given and has found his rest, but many of the old Africanders have seen this phantom ship and are willing to point it out to you. When a country is as new as South Africa and has not many legends it must keep alive the few it has.

South Africa belongs to the most modern period of modern history, just as North Africa belongs to the most ancient period of ancient history. Historically the Cape is as old as America, but economically it is the youngest of countries.

Before Columbus sailed west to find the East, Portuguese ships were creeping along the coast of Africa to find the Indies by a southern route. Under the influence of Prince Henry, the Navigator, the court of Portugal had become the center of maritime interest and knowledge. The fleets of the Prince brought back tidings of new lands and lovely islands. In 1420 Madeira was discovered and a little later the Canaries and the Azores. We wondered as our boat drew near Madeira if those early mariners hailed it with the same transport of joy as our storm tossed crew; it seemed a vision of eternal spring after the long night the Londoners call winter.

For a voyage of fine contrasts one should leave England in December. The memory of foggy cities and the misty Thames is added to the depressing influence of the restless Bay of Biscay. After three days on a rolling sea we come to harbor on the quietest of bays under the most serene of blue skies—

there in the distance are the green hills of Madeira and below the red-tiled roofs of Funchal.

As soon as our vessel is sighted the birds of prey begin to swoop down upon us; first come the divers in their gay little boats. All the English they know or need is "silver;" for a small coin the brown, scantily-clad Portuguese boys dive straight from the edge of their boats and come up in a moment dripping and tri-



FUNCHAL

umphant with the rescued money. For a shilling the more experienced swimmers give a fine show of their skill, diving under our great steamer and coming up on the other side. Then come the basket-makers with steamer chairs, tables and baskets of wicker and straw. The merchants follow them on board with Madeira embroideries and drawn thread work.

It is hard to leave this tempting display, but the boatman engaged to take us ashore is clamoring for

our company. The car that climbs the scenic railway awaits us—there is a splendid view from the hill-top; but we are anxious to make the descent, for here is a real toboggan slide and an exciting ride on a



SCENIC RAILWAY

sled over the smooth stones brings us back into the valley. Then we are ready to see the shops and the gardens—we can not help seeing the people. Beggars swarm around us, guides offer their services, children besiege us with flowers. In spite of them we enjoy our walk through the narrow, neatly paved streets, the glimpses into the tenements of the happy poor, the view of lovely courtyards over the high walls that surround the gardens of the rich, and the bargaining in the fine fruit and flower market.

We reward the patient charioteer who follows us from the street, by engaging his services. Our chariot is a gorgeous barge on runners; a man pulls the two oxen in front, a small boy prods them from be-

hind, and when after much urging the speed increases to a run we join in the owner's laugh of joy and pride. Horses are almost unknown on the island, and they would be useless on the winding, slippery streets.

On one of the hillsides is the English cemetery, kept like a beautiful garden, and near it the Portuguese burying ground with the strange little photographs of the dead set in the stones.

At dusk in the public gardens the band plays for the diversion of pale English tourists in search of health, and for dusky maidens in search of pleasure. A procession of young priests reminds us that we are in a Catholic land. A bower of flaming Bouganvillea and Orange Creeper offers a resting place by the sparkling fountain. Madeira wines and fruits are offered us—then the boat's whistle brings us back to reality, and we leave with regret "the garden spot of the world."



RAPID TRANSIT IN MADEIRA

As this is to be one of the longest ocean voyages we have yet taken—sixteen days from England if we are on the mail steamer—we have an opportunity to become well acquainted with some of our fellow-

passengers who are on their way home to Africa, and to learn from them many interesting things of the people and the places we are to visit. We are particularly interested in hearing of the many different peoples we shall meet. First in interest, of course, are



FORTE DE PICO—MADEIRA

the natives—the negroes. There are many tribes of these natives, who formerly occupied the entire country, being gradually driven further into the interior by the march of civilization, as our American Indians were driven westward and finally almost exterminated. These several tribes speak different languages and have more or less common customs, which we will study later at close range. The general name given to the native is Kafir (meaning an infidel), and in this sense we will use it in our book. Of the sev-

eral ways of spelling the word, Kafir, Kaffir, Caffre, Cafir, Kaffer, Caffir, the first is that generally adopted.

Among the first European settlements in South Africa were those of the Dutch. In the year 1835 a large number of these Dutch colonists—called Boers (meaning farmers)—decided to seek a home farther north, where they might live undisturbed by outside influence. This migration is the “Trek,” famous in their history. Vanquishing the native tribes who disputed their progress, they settled in the Transvaal (“across the Vaal River”), and established a republic, with a President elected by the people. With the discovery of diamonds in the seventies came an influx of other nationalities, principally the English. In the adapting of the laws and customs of this purely agrarian people to the new conditions, continual dissensions arose, culminating finally in the “Three Years’ War,” which was ended in 1902 by the surrender of the Boers to the English, and the changing of the “Orange Free State” into the “Orange River Colony,” now governed by England in the same way as is Canada.

We are also much interested in learning something of the life and work of Cecil Rhodes, a young Englishman who went to Africa in 1871 to benefit his health, and whose influence we shall continually see in our travels. He was a quiet, meditative youth, but with a remarkable genius for organization, and it be-

came the dream and object of his life to bring all the colonies of Africa, from the Cape north to the Zambesi River, under the British flag. At about this time came the discovery of diamonds, and a little later that of gold. He grasped the opportunities which he saw, and having been successful in diamond mining in a small way, soon organized the diamond industry into one company, the DeBeers Consolidated. Later the gold mining industry was similarly consolidated. He lived a singularly lonely life; the enormous wealth which he accumulated was not used for the pleasures that money can buy, but for the furtherance of his one plan of developing and improving the country. One large territory which he opened up to civilization was named Rhodesia in his honor. When he died a few years ago he was mourned as the one man who had done the most toward opening to the world this wonderfully rich country.

Sometimes the African steamers coal at an island of the Canary group; a day on the island of Teneriffe or in the City of Los Palmas is not unlike one at Madeira, but the language spoken is that of Spain, for the Portuguese transferred this group to the Spanish not long after its discovery.

The population of Funchal is about 20,000, and that of the whole province is seven times this number. Los Palmas and Santa Cruz have about the same population as Funchal, but the Canary group has some 300,000 inhabitants. The industries are

similar—the production of wines and tropical fruits, of sugar and cochineal.

Occasionally the steamer touches at the bare volcanic islands of Ascension or St. Helena; a small English garrison guards Ascension's unfriendly rock, and St. Helena reminds us of Napoleon's last days;



LOS PALMAS

it was the home of many of the Boer leaders who were exiled during the war.

The sixteenth day from England, on the mail steamer, we sight the outlines of Table Mountain. Often a soft white cloud spreads over its top and comes creeping down the sides—this is the “Table Cloth,” full of beauty and full of wrath—for out of that fleecy mist creeps the “Southeaster.” This fierce wind makes our landing difficult and hides our first view of Cape Town in a whirl of dust. Usually Africa gives the traveler a gentle greeting of clear

skies and so we learn to forgive in time an occasional outbreak of the blustering "Southeaster." It is



CAPE TOWN AND TABLE MOUNTAIN FROM TABLE BAY

really a friend and is given the name of the "Cape Doctor," for it sweeps every germ of disease in its path into the sea.

CAPE TOWN AND ENVIRONS

SOUTH AFRICA seems stranger to the European than to the American traveler, for there is nothing of the old world atmosphere about it. Indeed, we are inclined to believe that during our five weeks of sailing away from New York we have almost circumnavigated the globe, and we are now stepping ashore for a few sunny days in San Francisco.



CAPE MALAYS

As we walk toward the heart of the city there seems little that is strange or foreign in our surroundings. The same cosmopolitan company passes us by—here

India supplies the element of the picturesque. We stop to admire a veiled woman, gay in spangles and shining satin. The husband in his plain fez is less interesting than a Mohammedan priest who sails by us in floating robe and gay turban.

Everywhere, a part of the busy life of the streets and docks, are the Cape Colored—a very different



TEA FACTORY GIRLS

type from the Kafir and warlike Zulu whom we meet later. Mixture of races and contact with civilization have given him the appearance of his American brother.

Now we come to the city's principal thoroughfare. At the foot of the street a statue of Jan van Riebeeck keeps guard—a reminder of the long rule of the Dutch East India Company. The need of a refreshment station on the route to India prompted them in 1652 to send Riebeeck and his little squadron to the Cape. By right of discovery the land belonged to the Portuguese. Bartholomew Diaz had first seen its shores in 1486, and a little later Vasco de Gama had touched here on his way to India. After



STATUE OF VAN RIEBEEK

ter this, Dutch and Portuguese navigators landed occasionally at Table Bay, but disastrous encounters with the natives made them wary. It was nearly one hundred and seventy years after the discovery

of the Cape of Good Hope that Riebeeck began, in his rude fortification against lions and Bush Rangers, the city of Cape Town.

Wars at home persuaded the Dutch a few years later to strengthen the defenses of their colonies, and the historic Castle was built. The courtyard is large enough to contain a small village, and the high walls

and inner barracks garrison today part of the British army.

In the fine new Post Office we examine with interest another bit of the early history of the Colony. It is a great flat stone that for years served as



CAPE CART

the Cape Post Office. Under this the outbound vessel placed its letters to be unearthed by the next ship returning home.

Outside the Post Office it appears that Africa is giving us a floral fete of welcome. It is the wild flower sale. At early morn the colored women go on

the mountain sides or far into the kloofs, and come back, their baskets laden with sprays of heath, with great proteas and all the wonderful flowers of the veld.

We are in the midst of the life and stir of a busy city. We wonder at its activity when we remember that its population is only about 100,000.

In fact, the total number of whites in the various English colonies south of the Zambesi does not exceed 1,250,000, while the colored races number over 5,000,000, a proportion of nearly five natives to every white person. The white population of all South Africa is therefore about that of the city of Philadelphia.

The town clock strikes eleven—the time for our morning tea. It is a pleasant feature of colonial life that even the men take time for this morning rest, and for an afternoon cup at four. It is a relaxation from the day's work, and the scene in the cafes at these hours is a pleasant contrast to the hurry of our American life.

We pass out of the main business street into The Avenue—a wide shady footpath leading into the Gardens, the principal residence portion of the city. On the left of The Avenue are the government buildings. The House of Parliament is in the midst of a well-kept garden—its white pillars stand out in fine relief against the splendid background of the hills.

A session is in progress and we secure permission



PARLIAMENT HOUSE AND TABLE MOUNTAIN, CAPE TOWN

to enter the visitors' gallery. We are anxious to see the premier, Dr. Jameson. Surely the man in the gold lace and gray coat must be he. No, this man's sole duty is to carry about the gilded mace to indicate the stage of a discussion. Then he must be one of the grave men in white wigs with long black gowns. No, they are the advocates. The man we are seeking is the one who is moving about talking to the different members informally. Men come and go while the discussion is on and we begin to see that here there is the same freedom of life and freedom of speech as in our own country. Later when we have an opportunity to meet the King's sister,

the Princess Christian, and his brother, the Duke of Connaught, the cordial handshake and genial greeting make us believe that the "pomp that hedges 'round a throne" is forgotten in the Colonies, and that the British possessions are not far behind us in democracy.

Cape Colony enjoys self-government—that is, she is ruled by officials elected by an almost universal suffrage. The exception is the Chief Executive—the Governor, who is appointed by the King of England.

Leaving the House of Parliament and continuing our walk through The Avenue, we turn aside to spend an hour in the fine Botanical Gardens. Here is a varied collection of the plants of many lands—the huge woody tubers of the African "Elephant's Foot" (*Testudinaria elephantipes*), with its delicate climbing stem. The native *Stangeria*, one of Africa's few cone-bearing plants, with its single leaf which the gardener tells us it has had these five and twenty years,—maybe next century it will produce another one,—an interesting collection of succulent plants which store up food in stem, leaf or roots against the long droughts with which plants must struggle in this country, roses rear their heads toward the Euphorbias with their angular candelabrum branches, leafless and thorny, trees from northern climes beckon us to rest in their shade. At the entrance to the park is a statue of Sir George Grey, one of the best of

the early English governors of the Cape. Beyond the statue is the great library of Cape Town which was established by this patron of learning. At the other end of the park stands the fine museum and art gallery.

Only an out-of-door people can really enjoy South Africa—for those who are up with the sun there are



CACTI IN PUBLIC GARDENS

many interesting sights. There is the early morning market when the great square is crowded with Boers and English farmers, and bargainners looking for fresh fruit and other country produce. If you

choose to scale the "Lion's Head" or Table Mountain you will meet other mountain climbers who have been before you to see the sun rise over the harbor before their day of business begins. An out-of-door people take time to live.

The fine driveway named for Queen Victoria and the circuit of the city made by the Camps Bay train



SATURDAY MARKET ON THE PARADE

line afford as magnificent a panorama as it is possible to find.

Cape Town is extended by beautiful residence suburbs—Kenilworth, Rosebank, Claremont, Wynburg. We have time for only one, so we leave our train at

Rondebosch for a day at Groote Schuur. This "Great Barn" was on the old farm of Jan van Riebeeck, and Cecil Rhodes transformed it into his country estate—or rather a great playground for the people.



DUTCH FARMHOUSE

A long avenue with a vista of cloud-capped mountains in the distance brings us to the house,—which many tourists have declared the most beautiful and harmonious of dwellings. It is built after the old Dutch style with a wide back "stoep" where every carved teak chair and heavy Dutch chest has its history. There is a dignity and refinement in the in-

terior furnishings that reflects the character of the collector. Everywhere are the gifts of royalty, from the fine tapestry given by Queen Victoria to the silver elephant snuff box of the black king Lobengula.

We walk up the terraced garden through a sea of blue Hydrangeas. Beyond are the animal enclos-



BACK STOEP—RHODES' HOME

ures. All the wild creatures of Africa have found a home here,—the agile spring-bok, the graceful eland, the queer misshapen haartebeest with its heart-shaped markings on cheek and shoulder. On the lawn the blue heron and peacock walk in dignity—the awkward ostrich may not come so near, for he is

liable to be rude and quarrelsome. The monkeys chatter at us as we climb the hill to the lion's den. From the hilltop we see where the seas divide—on one side are the waters of the Atlantic, and away to the east stretches the Indian Ocean.

We wait until the great lion and lioness come grumbling out of their caves, and then descend through the pasture, where the zebras submit to our caresses without taking the least interest in us.

In the garden below we encounter another lion, strangely like the frontispiece in some book at home. So we have found out where Rudyard Kipling studies how the leopard gets his spots. After this we shall enjoy his stories all the more, for we shall remember that he is as interesting as his best tale. He comes to his home in this corner of Groote Schuur for the African summer. The house is one of the many gifts of Cecil Rhodes. The whole estate is always open to the public. Another of his great benefactions is the Rhodes scholarships, whereby some boy from every state in our Union, together with others from all nations, may profit by an Oxford training.

The early Dutch governors knew how to select the garden spots of Africa. Simon van der Stell chose Groote Constantia for his wine farm. His old Dutch house still stands in this beautiful valley and around it are the immense vineyards of the government wine farms.

When we begin our northern journey from Cape Town we linger at the Dutch village of Stellenbosch, where the same old governor located his country home and laid out the miles of oak bordered avenues which stand as lasting monuments to his foresight.

The fruit seasons hurrying along overtake each



GROOTE CONSTANTIA

other, and in the summer month of January the small colored boys at the station besiege us with strawberries, peaches and grapes.

We leave the main line for a glimpse of the valley of French Hoek. Here the band of Huguenots who fled from France in the time of Louis XIV sought



OLD DUTCH FARMHOUSE

freedom from the too rigorous decrees of the Dutch, who wished to stamp out their language. Many of the best families of the country boast a French lineage, and the hundreds of Malans and de Villiers are the Smiths and the Joneses of South Africa. The Dutch so effectually effaced the French language that we find traces of their history only in their names and in an occasional touch of vivacity among the phlegmatic Dutch.

On the trains now, we hear a language altogether unfamiliar. If you know the language of Holland you may be able to understand Cape Dutch. During the early years of isolation African Dutch became cor-

rupted until it became as different from the mother tongue as the Africander is from the Hollander. It is the language of the farms and the working people. An effort is being made to preserve the Dutch of Holland by teaching it in all the schools.

An hour beyond Stellenbosch we stop at the village of Wellington. Here is the only woman's college on this continent, Huguenot College, the outgrowth of a school founded by two American women more than thirty years ago. Let us stop here long enough to find out something about the African school girl and her work and play. She is usually an athlete and knows all the fine points of basket ball, tennis and golf and is keen about hockey and cricket. She knows the score of her brother's football team that is playing for the country cup. Base ball is an unknown game, although the English rounders is somewhat similar.

The students here are mostly Boers, with a few daughters of European and English families. The teachers are nearly all graduates of American colleges and universities. We had not expected to find such excellent opportunities for higher education in this far-away land.

The universal recreation is picnicking, which Afrianders understand far better than we—a subject important enough for a chapter in itself. Shall we linger a day at this girls' college and join them in a picnic?

A PICNIC

LET us join a party going out on a botanizing expedition—it is Friday afternoon, lessons are over by two o'clock, and half an hour later the party is at the railway station, looking for the special carriage (car) which the railway company has kindly put at their disposal for two days. One of the teachers buys a party ticket, which brings the average cost of the journey of one hundred and thirty miles to about a dollar each. In South Africa all teachers and students are allowed to travel for half-fare on the railways. Our destination is Houw Hoek (How Hook), about sixty miles southeast of Cape Town, which can not be reached before nine or ten o'clock at night.

Our special carriage is very much like the American sleeping cars that have a corridor along one side and compartments on the other. The ordinary railway carriages of South Africa are like those of all European countries, made up of compartments running crosswise, the entrance being from doors on either side. Within each compartment are two long seats accommodating four or five passengers each, who sit facing each other. In a way, traveling thus is very interesting to a foreigner who likes to study the faces of the people through whose country he is passing. Again, such close quarters tend to make

the company sociable, and one is often invited to share lunches with fellow passengers. The luxury of traveling as known in America is an experience for the Africander yet to enjoy when he visits our country.

As evening comes on we all sit looking out of the windows, or stand on the platforms, for we are going through Sir Lowry's Pass in the Hottentot Holland Mountains. The railway winds back and forth up the side of one mountain for an hour or more



5 OR 6 IN. LONG—WHITE
TIPPED WITH BLACK

and finally goes through the pass, then down on the other side, just as we went up. The scenery is very beautiful, especially at sunset, when the mountains are all aglow with the reflected colors of the ever-changing sunset sky. The mountains, like all South African mountains, are bold, rugged, and rocky, almost devoid of vegetation.

One remarkable feature of this land is the scarcity of water; there are practically no lakes and very few rivers. In the dry season the smaller streams are absolutely dry, while the larger ones shrink to mere

brooks. As a consequence, there are no natural forests, and the traveler finds the country most monotonous. But the children born here love their country just as American children love theirs.

Soon it grows dark,—then the stars come forth. What brilliant points of light they seem in these clear skies! Surely the African moon, by whose light we can read, is brighter and larger than ours! It

bathes the veld with its white light until it seems an endless field of snow. The students look up into the heavens to find the constellations. Of course you know that in the southern hemisphere certain stars are visible which you can never see without crossing the equator.

The most beautiful

southern constellation is the Southern Cross, one star of which points to the south pole star. Orion, with the three bright stars in his belt, would not be recognized in South Africa, for here he is seen upside down.

By bedtime the train arrives at Houw Hoek and our carriage is shunted (switched) to a side track, where we are to pass the night. In this country there



7 IN. DIAMETER—VELVETY PINK

are no regular sleeping cars such as you are accustomed to see. The passengers pull down the berths, and the process of going to bed consists of climbing into the berths, rolling oneself up in a traveling-rug with a small pillow under the head, and this the boys and girls of South Africa call solid comfort.

Early in the morning the picnic party is up; the boys have been busy gathering sticks for a fire, and by the time the others are up breakfast is all ready and soon a merry party is seated around the fire.

A South African picnic means a coffee-pot and a fire. No one can make better coffee than an African boy; the fine flavor he claims is due to the stirring given it at the last minute with a glowing stick. The sandwiches are toasted on long forked branches. All must be served before the feast can begin. It is pleasant to remember how willing the young Africanders are to wait on others, and also their natural courtesy.

Later the cups are washed and put back in the carriage, and all start off in various directions to gather



"PRIDE OF TABLE MOUNTAIN"—3 IN.
TIP TO TIP—FIRE RED

flowers, many of which they will use in their lessons. Such wonderful and beautiful flowers they are, though very unlike the wild flowers of America—we



TWO IN. DIAMETER—BRILLIANT COLORS

wish we might show you a picture of each strange flower and plant, but since there are hundreds of varieties this is impossible. The children of this country are taught botany from the lowest grades, as American children are taught physiology, so they soon learn to know all the native plants.

Just a word in passing, about a few of the botanical wonders of South Africa. The Silver Trees shimmer in the brilliant sunshine. These unique trees, one of the few varieties of trees found in Cape Colony, are native to one spot, namely, Table Mountain, growing majestically upright to a height of forty or fifty feet. The fruit is in the form of large cones, and it belongs to a family of ancient lineage, the proteaceæ, abundantly represented in the western part of Cape Colony by beautiful flowering shrubs. The elliptical leaves of the silver tree are beautifully coated on both sur-

faces with a thick pile of silvery satin hairs.

Large fields of Arums (our lovely calla lily) grow as weeds and mark the paths of the streams with their stately white and gold flowers. Pig lilies they are called, as they are eagerly eaten by the long razor-back pigs.



SOUTH AFRICAN WEEDS—ARUM LILIES

Pelargoniums (the household geranium) grow in great variety, and beautiful orchids may be gathered by the hundreds.

When our picnic party return to the carriage at dinner time, they bring with them a beautiful collection of flowers and ferns. While some are prepar-

ing dinner, others are decorating the doors and windows of our carriage, and even the two end platforms are soon transformed into bowers of green vines and flowers.

As we journey homeward in our gayly decorated carriage, the young people of our party tell us something of their work and we learn how the life of an African student differs from that of an American student.

EDUCATION

THE examination system of England and Scotland exists here. The year's work is tested by a week's examination at the end. The papers are set by inspectors for the lower grades, and the University of the Cape of Good Hope, an examining body, sets the questions for the candidates for a college degree. On the same day and at the same hour, young people a thousand or more miles apart are answering identical questions, and your friend in Central Africa may ask you at the Cape how you answered the fifth question in arithmetic. The all-important subject in South Africa is arithmetic, and perhaps the reason that much more time is given to it than in our country is because it is more difficult to work with pounds, shillings, and pence than with our decimal dollars and cents.

The lists of successful candidates are published in all the daily papers, and if you pass first in your class all of South Africa knows it. The government is most generous in giving prizes and scholarships. A girl of seventeen from Huguenot College earned in her first year of college work about four thousand dollars in scholarships, so here study may be made profitable in more senses than one.

Many of the children on the lonely, scattered

farms may be too young to go away to school, or they may be too poor. For these there is the farm-school. The teacher boards in the farmer's family and the little flock is taught in the home. The families on the farms usually number from ten to twenty children, but for as few as six the government shares in the expenses of the school.

Our patriotism goes no farther than the United States—our country is the land in which we live; not so with the British colonist. His ambition is to be rich enough to send his son or daughter to study in the land which he calls home, even after an absence of perhaps a score of years. This may give a wider experience, but it does not increase affection for the land of one's birth, and the schools are thereby impoverished.

The young people of South Africa have unusually good memories, and their out-of-door life makes them keenly observant.

In the rough farmhouse with its mud floors, the piano is a necessary piece of furniture. The young people are as keen about their music examinations as about their record in other studies. Much time is spent on technique and the teaching is very thorough. Questions are set on musical theory, and examiners from England travel through South Africa once a year, and each pupil performs in turn before these inspectors. The one passing highest in the most advanced division (there are four divisions) is awarded

an exhibition (scholarship) of seven hundred and fifty dollars a year for three successive years. With this money the successful candidate must go to London to study at the Royal Academy or the Royal College of Music. Besides this prize there are ten or more fifty dollar bursaries (scholarships) given yearly to those pupils who show great musical ability and promise. A really talented pupil can not complain of lack of encouragement in his musical ambitions.

THE CANGO CAVES

THE two great natural wonders of South Africa are the Victoria Falls and the Cango Caves. They are visited by tourists not only for their marvelous beauty but also for their geological interest. Americans are accused of boasting that they have the largest of everything in their country, but Victoria Falls surpass Niagara in size and the Cango Caves are probably the largest limestone caves in the world.

The most interesting things in Africa are not for the hurried tourist. Any route from Cape Town to the Cango Caves involves a post-cart journey, and at least one night on the train. The usual journey is from Cape Town to Prince Albert Road, thence over the mountain a day's journey by post-cart. The drive does not seem long because of the surpassing beauty of the scenery. We go through the rocky pass of the Zwartberg Mountains and along the famous Cango Valley. No artist's picture can rival in color the lovely sunset tints which change from gorgeous red and gold to softest purple and gray.

We spend the night at the little Cango Inn, and after a late breakfast are ready for our hard day of exploring. We have been warned at the inn that two things are necessary—an experienced guide and a plentiful supply of candles. We question the experience of the youthful guide whom the innkeeper

brings to us, but the boy explains that the position of guide to the caves is hereditary in his family, and we find before our exploring is finished that he has the wisdom of his ancestors and the daring of youth. A short climb up a hillside brings us to an imposing portico of overhanging rock, not unlike the entrance to a great theatre.

We are rather disappointed because our guide has no thrilling stories to tell about those who have been lost in the caves; not even a dog has been entombed here, for a massive iron gate bars our entrance, which only the official guide can open. These caves were discovered more than a hundred years ago by a shepherd who followed the track of his strayed sheep to the cave's entrance. This great cavern in the heart of the mountains has never been fully explored—the best estimate of its extent is furnished by our guide: "You can walk until you are tired, and then there is a lot that you haven't seen."

The iron gate clangs shut and our guide, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, leads us enchanted into the



CANGO CAVES
ENTRANCE TO CAVES

depths of the mountain. We walk gropingly until our eyes forget the glare of the sun and we become accustomed to the light of our flickering candles. A long hall leads into an immense chamber the size of which we realize more fully when the guide illuminates it with a magnesium ribbon. This is Van Zyl's chamber, named for the discoverer. We can imagine how the simple herdsman marveled to find himself in such a strange apartment. Giant stalactites like glistening icicles hang from the vaulted ceiling; we

can almost imagine ourselves in one of the famed art galleries of Europe, wandering through a room where many of the great masters' works are in broken fragments, for the sharply pointed stalagmites have often been broken off, forming pedestals surmounted by strange figures. From room to room we pass until we arrive at the bride's chamber, a bower of lacy filigree. A white dressing



CANGO CAVES
NEW COLUMN CHAMBER

table with a graceful canopy awaits the bride. The bride is evidently not far away, for her open parasol, daintily flounced, stands near the table.

Minerals have stained the crystals various colors. One chamber is lined with shining gray, and there are other rooms where the limestone shades into pinks and yellows. The chambers lead into one another, sometimes by wide arches, sometimes by openings so small



CANGO CAVES. THE OLD THRONE ROOM

that we force our way through with difficulty. Now we come to a staircase leading to an upper story of splendid apartments, which we explore.

The hazardous part of our journey is before us; with candle in hand we begin to descend a perpendicular rope ladder, thirty feet long. The perilous descent is well rewarded. The new series of chambers is even

finer than those we have left behind us. Here the rooms are draped with long soft curtains of translucent white. A light placed behind the drapery shows the beauty of these luminous folds.

In some of the little grottoes we pass, the stalactites, a few inches in length, take on queer twisted shapes, and sometimes the walls of the rooms are a mass of curly tendrils in many delicate colors. The continual drip, drip, in the farther caverns, tells us that the water stored up in the mountain is still slowly percolating through the cave walls with its burden of limestone. No one can estimate how long these caves have been forming, but we know that it is a long, long story.

The warm water flowing beneath the surface of the earth, usually under pressure, has carbon dioxide in solution. This is capable of dissolving the limestone strata through which it works its way, and so the cave is formed. As the water comes to the surface and in contact with the air, the carbon dioxide evaporates. The drop can no longer hold its tiny particle in solution but leaves it as a small contribution to the forming stalactite. If, however, the water drop succeeds in carrying its dissolved limestone with it in its fall to the ground, the separation is only delayed a little longer. The water finally evaporates after having done its share toward building up a growing stalagmite. This almost imperceptible growth goes on until the stalactites and stalagmites meet and form the

stately pillars that give the semblance of strength to the cave.

A two hours' walk from the entrance of the cave brings us to a great rough cavern, very different in appearance from the delicate white chambers through which we have passed. The hard gray rock is over us, and everywhere is a chaos of broken fragments of stone. It is as though a great cave had been formed, and the pressure of the mountain had crushed its walls and covered the floor with the broken pieces. So complete is the ruin and chaos that "The Devil's Workshop" seems a fitting name.

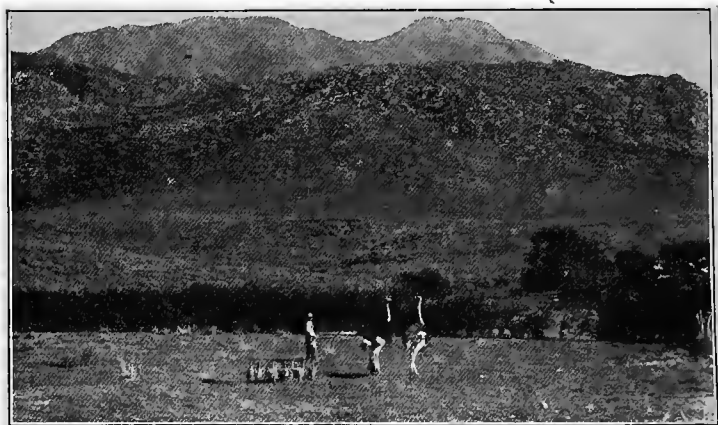
"Have we seen it all?" we ask the guide. "You have seen as much as most people," he replies, and we take this as a hint that it is time to turn back.

The guide hurries on and we lose sight of him. "Let us blow out our lights and scare him," some one suggests. We sit crouched in utter blackness, resting and enjoying our supply of oranges. Many minutes pass and we grow tired of our joke. Our faint halloo is answered by some one very near us. It is our boyish guide who has been playing the same trick on us only a few feet away. How good the first streaks of daylight seem! We realize how wonderful it is to be a creature of the sunlight and open air.

The four hours in the cave have not improved our appearance—the narrow passages through which we have crawled with so much difficulty have left their traces, and our hands, faces and garments are daubed

with wet clay and mud. However, none of our party had the unfortunate experience of the fat man about whom the guide tells us. The smallest of the holes held him fast until the guide came to his rescue, and persuaded him that he must give up the caverns beyond.

We hasten down the hillside to the clear river. After an hour's hard work and a complete change of costume we are ready for the drive along the road to Oudtshoorn. An early dinner, and we are on our



ON AN OSTRICH FARM

way. All the ruggedness of scenery is behind us—now we look across peaceful valleys and quiet streams. Flocks of sheep, and hundreds of ostriches in the same enclosures, are nibbling and pecking the green lucerne (alfalfa). As we drive along over the

smoothest of walled roads the ostriches come near the fence and seem to look at us with curiosity. The plain gray mother-bird, the black and white father-bird, and the scrawny little baby ostriches make an interesting family. These children improve as they grow older, but in their infant stages they are as bristling as porcupines. Everywhere are the orange groves for which this part of the country is famous. The Kafir children swarming about the doorways of their gray huts seem to feel the contagion of our happiness in being alive and in the sunlight, and wave and call to us until we are out of sight.

“UP-COUNTRY” JOURNEY

IN planning a long journey through South Africa one has no such choice of routes as is to be had in the United States. The only long railway line in South Africa starts from Cape Town and runs north to De Aar, 500 miles, at which place it branches south-eastward to Port Elizabeth and other cities on the seacoast, and northeast to Johannesburg and Kimberley. On this trip we shall go first to Kimberley, on the Zambesi Express, a thirty hours' ride from Cape Town, and a distance of about six hundred and fifty miles. From which we see that the average speed of this express train is about twenty-one miles an hour—we in America would call it a slow freight, would we not? But the South African express has some advantages over the American trains that tear through the country at fifty miles or more an hour—the almost absolute safety in making a journey and the fine opportunity of seeing the country through which one is leisurely passing.

For about fifty miles beyond Wellington the railway winds in and out among the mountains, and from the scenery one might easily imagine himself in Switzerland. The beautiful sunset tints on the Hex Mountains are not unlike the Alpine glow which all too soon fades from our view. The railway takes a spiral path up one high mountain, passing now

and then through small tunnels, and from our window we can look far down below us and see our track in several places. The Hex River valley is renowned throughout South Africa for its beautiful fruit—at all the stations colored boys besiege us with their baskets of tempting wares. We lean far out our window and buy luscious grapes in large clusters of a pound or more, also peaches and plums, which resemble our beautiful California fruit—in fact, these very grapes that we have just bought are probably from vines transplanted from far-distant California, to which state so many Africanders go to learn the best methods of fruit raising.

We soon leave the grand and rocky mountains behind us, and then begins the most tiresome part of our journey, traveling through the Karroo.

THE KARROO

The Karroo is a vast shallow basin and is supposed to be the bed of a prehistoric lake, the waters of which later broke through the surrounding mountain ranges and flowed into the sea. Its altitude varies from 1,800 to 2,500 feet above the sea level. Some of the mountains on the rim are from 4,000 to 8,000 feet high, while others dwindle down to mere hills. There are numerous beds of rivers and small streams, dry, or nearly so, the greater part of the year; however, after a heavy thunderstorm in the summer these streams are raging torrents for a short time only,

for they soon again become dry. Generally speaking, the Karroo is a desert, still the soil is very fertile, and where irrigation has been tried the results are most gratifying.

In the dry season the wind sweeps across the Karroo, blowing great clouds of dust, which obscure the view in every direction; the passengers on the train can not see the towns which they are approaching until they arrive at the stations. Sometimes the view is hidden not by dust clouds, but by great swarms of locusts, there being millions of the insects. This pest will often sweep down on a district and in a few hours the crops and fruit for miles around will be totally destroyed. Just here it might be interesting to note that roasted locusts (the wings having first been removed) are served as a delicate dish by some of the best families of South Africa.

In the rainy season the Karroo is an excellent grazing ground for sheep and the flocks rapidly increase. The general aspect of the vegetation when at its best is not a green color, such as is characteristic of American plains, but rather a bluish gray. This peculiar hue is caused by the lime-incrusted, wax-covered, or hairy leaves. The Karroo is the home of the Mesembryanthemum, to which family our cultivated ice-plant belongs. Karroo flowers belonging to this order are sometimes three inches across and gorgeous in their coloring, ranging from pale saffron to brilliant orange, and from white and pink to deepest

crimson and magenta. In some places in the Karroo, wells have been successfully bored, but the water is often of an alkaline or salty nature, in which event it parches the soil. Much of the vegetation shows in the leaves this salty nature of the soil.

In a journey through the Karroo, the passenger on the train sees very little of interest from his window and he welcomes the darkness of night which shuts out the monotony of the scene and the heat of the day. At Matjesfontein (*Matches-fontain*) we are reminded of the battle fought there in the recent Boer War. This was also the home before her marriage of the writer, Olive Schreiner (Ralph Iron), who at the age of nineteen became famous through her book, “The Story of an African Farm.” This town is a resort for consumptives, because of the dry air of the Karroo winter.

Beaufort West is the largest Karroo town. The large dam (reservoir) just outside the town supplies water to the village through the long periods of drought which the region often suffers. This district is a fine example of what irrigation will do for a desert.

Gardens of flowers and fruit beautify the town, and the avenues of pear trees that scatter their petals in September are the pride of the residents.

Young ladies in white daintily frilled gowns meet us at the station with cakes and hot coffee, as is the hospitable custom of the country when people know

that friends are passing through their town. In spite of the blinding dust storm in which we have arrived at Beaufort West, our friends express their delight in a recent six inches of rainfall, which is more than the total annual rainfall in several previous years.

The towns and villages along the line look much alike, and the farther up country we go the more in evidence are tin and corrugated iron as building material. We have actually seen small rude dwellings and even shops made entirely of the tin from old paraffin (kerosene) tins. All the oil in this country is imported, usually from America, in four-gallon tins, and no one who has not traveled in South Africa can imagine the various uses to which the empty cans are put. These tins often have their upper edges rolled over artistically and after having been painted red or green are transformed into flower pots. Where large cans are needed for jams and preserves one finds the fruit put up in these same paraffin tins. The farmer, too, uses them for carrying his butter to market, and the housewives are sometimes troubled with the butter thus savoring of oil.

What can that woman be carrying who is just about to board our train at Letjes-Bosch (*Letty-Bush*)? It is the inevitable paraffin tin, but with a good padlock and a firm handle the transformation into a hat box is most unique. By the way, the majority of the people in this country travel with tin hat boxes and tin trunks. If you go up country

with a smart new leather box (trunk) just from England, you may find next morning a few scattered shreds of leather; but that is the story of the white ants which we shall tell later.

The parting sight is a Kafir boy carrying a four-cornered pail on his head, the paraffin tin in another guise. We admire his poise as he bows to his friends, seemingly unconscious of his burden. The children are trained in this art from early youth. The mother weaves a small straw circlet to support the weight on the head of her child, who carries at the same time her youngest brother or sister on her back. Gradually the burden is increased until it is no uncommon sight to see a woman coming home at night with the morrow's wood on her head, a baby on her back, and a pail in either hand. The women become very skillful in balancing. We have seen a graceful Kafir girl carrying a tall vinegar bottle on her head. Not a drop was spilled as she stooped beneath the fence and continued her walk without having raised her hands to her head to steady the burden.

On this journey we have a good opportunity of seeing the kopjes (*copies*) that caused the British army so much trouble in the late war. The monotony of the Karroo is broken by what appear to be earth mounds made by a giant mole. On closer view we are inclined to think that a New England farmer has piled all the stones from his land in great heaps. The kopjes vary in size from a mound no greater than a

large haystack to a hill that could screen a small army in time of war, and, indeed, the British and Boer soldiers played many a game of hide and seek around these hills.



BLOCK HOUSE

Besides these natural defenses the line of war is marked by block houses and lonely cemeteries. Where the block houses are still standing we see they are like little round or square towers built of stone or corrugated iron,

large enough to accommodate from four to ten soldiers. Their perfect condition speaks of a very recent war. The heaped up rings of earth, marking the places where these defenses have been destroyed, are not unlike the tenting-ground of a great circus the day after its departure, when the gray light of morning dispels the glamor of action and

peril. Boer and Briton rest side by side on the field for which they fought, their graves marked by countless little white crosses. The desolation of the Karroo tells the old story of man's striving to gain what is not worth the holding.

Our time table indicates the struggle of the Dutch and English for supremacy, but in the uninviting tracts of country such as this certainly is, the Dutch names predominate. Our guide book gives us eight towns ending in "fontein" (fountain or spring); this does not mean that there is plenty of water, for we are still in the Karroo. These towns, originally the sites of farms, were called "Mynfontein" (my fountain), and other fonteins by the farmer, who having found on his farm a tiny spring, perhaps, published the fact in the name. There is the "City of the Fountain of Flowers," "Bloemfontein," and the less poetical though no less actually existing "Puffadderfontein." Every abiding place has its name—the smallest village and even the most modest little cottage. The variety in names shows the cosmopolitan nature of South African home-makers. In Cape Town, for instance, on the gatepost of the handsome house of a Malay doctor we read "Noorbach;" there is "Bonnie Brae," for the Scotchman; and the German expresses his contentment by "Friedenheim."

About three hours from Kimberley we cross the Orange River, the boundary between Cape Colony and the Orange River Colony; before the war this

was the Orange Free State, a name to which the Dutch still cling.

As our train draws near to Kimberley we seem to be passing through tin villages, for the little huts of the locations are built of old paraffin tins or well patched with them. A location is a settlement of natives just beyond the limits of a town, without any of the picturesqueness of a Kafir kraal (a collection of huts surrounded by a fence), where reeds and thatch lend a charm to which the contributions from the Standard Oil Company could not add.

Sometimes a Kafir builds his location hut very simply, with four upright poles and a piece of sail cloth. Speaking of sail cloth, there are many uses of this material in South Africa. Instead of freight being stored in buildings well protected from the wind and weather, at station after station it lies on the ground covered over with very heavy sail cloth painted dark gray. Great piles of goods awaiting shipment often rise to the height of a two-story building, resembling, in the twilight, with their gray draperies, a caravan of huge elephants.

KIMBERLEY

The underground cavern lined with precious stones where Aladdin found his wonderful lamp is supposed to be in Arabia within the domains of Haroun-al-Raschid, but there is one very like it in South Africa within the kingdom of Edward VII. In the blue caves of Kimberley the diamonds do not sparkle from the walls, but just because they are more difficult to find, the search is more exciting than it could possibly have been in Aladdin's cave. Some forty years ago a shining pebble was found by chance on the sands of the Vaal River; then began the search for diamonds which has continued ever since by day and by night.

The following interesting account of the finding of the first diamond was given recently by Mr. Gardner F. Williams, a former manager of the De Beers diamond mines:

"The first diamond in South Africa was found by the children of a trekking Boer named Daniel Jacobs. He was a poor farmer, who made his home in a squalid hovel on the banks of the Orange River near the little settlement of Hopetown. It was roughly partitioned to form a bedroom and kitchen, and its earthen floor was smeared weekly with a polishing paste of filth and water. Father, mother and children slept together on a rude frame overlaced with rawhide strips. Here the children were brought up with

little more care than the goats and sheep that browsed on the kopjes. When the herds were turned out of the kraal the children ran after them and roamed over the pasture land all day long like the flocks, but the instinct of childhood will find playthings on the face of the most barren karroo, and the Jacobs children were close to the edge of a river which was strewn with uncommonly beautiful pebbles mixed with coarser gravel.

"A heap of these parti-colored stones was so common a sight in the yard or on the floor of a farmhouse on the banks of the Orange or the Vaal that none of the plodding Boers gave it a second glance. But when the children tossed the stones about, a little white pebble was so sparkling in the sunlight that it caught the eye of the farmer's wife. She did not care enough for it to pick it up, but spoke of it as a curious stone to a neighbor, Schalk van Niekerk. Van Niekerk asked to see it, but it was not in the heap. One of the children had rolled it away in the yard. After some little search it was found in the dust, for nobody on the farm would stoop for such a trifle. When Van Niekerk wiped the dust off, the little stone glittered so prettily that he offered to buy it. The good vrouw laughed at the idea of selling a pebble. 'You can keep the stone if you want it,' she said. So Van Niekerk put it in his pocket and carried it home. He had only a vague notion that it might have some value, and put it in the hands of a

traveling trader, John O'Reilly, who undertook to find out what kind of a stone the little crystal was and whether it could be sold.

"He showed the stone to several Jews in Hopetown and in Colesburg, a settlement farther up the Orange River valley. No one of these would give a penny for it. 'It is a pretty stone enough,' they said, 'probably a topaz,' but nobody would pay anything for it.

"Perhaps O'Reilly would have thrown the stone away if it had not come under the eye of the acting civil commissioner at Colesburg, Lorenzo Boyes. Mr. Boyes found on trial that the stone would scratch glass.

" 'I believe it to be a diamond,' he observed gravely.

"O'Reilly was greatly cheered up. 'You are the only man I have seen,' he said, 'who says it is worth anything. Whatever it is worth, you shall have a share in it.'

" 'Nonsense,' broke in Dr. Kirsch, a private apothecary of the town, who was present, 'I'll bet Boyes a new hat it is only a topaz.'

" 'I'll take the bet,' replied Mr. Boyes, and at his suggestion the stone was sent for determination to the foremost mineralogist of the colony, Dr. W. Guybon Atherstone, residing at Grahamstown. It was so lightly valued that it was put in an unsealed envelope and carried to Grahamstown in the regular postcart.

"When the postboy handed the letter to Mr. Ath-

erstone the little river stone fell out and rolled away. The doctor picked it up and read the letter of transmission. Then he examined the pebble expertly and wrote to Mr. Boyes: 'I congratulate you on the stone you have sent me. It is a veritable diamond, weighs twenty-one and a quarter carats, and is worth £500.' Sir Philip Wodehouse, the governor at the Cape, bought the rough diamond at once, at the value fixed by Dr. Atherstone. The stone was sent immediately to the Paris Exposition, where it was viewed with much interest, but its discovery at first did not cause any great sensation.

"Meanwhile Mr. Boyes hastened to Hopetown and to Van Niekerk's farm to search along the river shore where the first diamond was found. He prodded the phlegmatic farmers and their black servants, raked over many bushels of pebbles for two weeks, but no second diamond repaid his labor. Still the news of the finding of the first stone made the farmers near the river look sharply at every heap of pebbles in the hope of finding one of the precious 'blink klippe' (bright stones), as the Boers named the diamond, and many bits of shining rock crystal were carefully pocketed, in the persuasion that the glittering stones were diamonds. But it was ten months from the time of the discovery at Hopetown before a second diamond was found, and this was in a spot more than thirty miles away, on the river bank below the junction of the Vaal and Orange rivers.

“In March, 1869, a superb white diamond, weighing 83.5 carats, was picked up by a Griqua shepherd boy on the farm Zendfontein, near the Orange River. Schalk van Niekerk bought this stone for a monstrous price in the eyes of the poor shepherd—500 sheep, ten oxen and a horse—but the lucky purchaser sold it easily for £11,200 to Lilienfeld Brothers of Hopetown, and it was subsequently purchased by Earl Dudley for £25,000. This extraordinary gem, which soon became famous as the ‘Star of South Africa,’ drew all eyes to a field which could yield such products, and the existence and position of diamond beds was soon further assured and defined by the finding of many smaller stones in the alluvial gravel on the banks of the Vaal.

“From the time of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, however, adventurers have been searching in Africa for the source of the gold and jewels, the marvels of Ophir, which they displayed, and, although it is mostly conjecture, a large part of the wealth of the scriptural kings and millionaires no doubt came from the interior of Africa. The traditions of King Solomon’s mines lured thousands of enterprising explorers into the wilderness, and it is perhaps true that they have been discovered. An intrepid German explorer named Carl Mauch in 1871 discovered an extraordinary lot of ruins at Zimbabwe, and gold fields closely adjacent to them. These have been called the ruined cities of Mashonaland.

Unfortunately for his credit as an archaeologist, Mauch insisted that an old building on a hill was a copy of King Solomon's temple on Mount Moriah, and that the lower ruins reproduced the palace inhabited by the Queen of Sheba during her stay of several years in Jerusalem. This does not impair, however, the probable accuracy of his main contention, that he had revealed part of the ancient workings of the people who furnished the gold to Arabia and Judea in the days of Solomon.

"Without entering into the varied researches, it may be observed that Ophir was not the source of the gold, but a port on the south coast of Arabia through which the flow of gold came by sea. Havilah was the land whence came the gold of Ophir, a great tract in southeastern Africa, largely identified with modern Rhodesia. The ancient gold workings of this region were first opened by South Arabian Himyarites, who were followed (but not before the time of Solomon) by the Phenicians, and these very much later by Moslem Arabs. Tharshish was the outlet for the precious metals and stones of Havilah, and stood probably on the present site of Sofala. The Queen of Sheba came by land and not over the seas to the court of Solomon. Her kingdom was Yemen, Arabia, where our mocha coffee comes from."

The diamond industry has transformed this spot in the desert into a busy world. For Kimberley is a stir-

ring city, if not an imposing one. Broad dusty avenues lined on either side with low brick cottages make up the residence portion of the town. The shops are interesting enough, but the purchases we planned to make we are obliged to postpone. Diamonds are not given away in Kimberley—New York or Amsterdam offers better bargains. The reason for this is found in the fact that the diamonds in the rough are sent to Holland chiefly, for cutting; when the stone is returned to Africa it must pay a fairly heavy duty, then add to this the increased price due to high rents, and we find that the home of the diamond is not the best place to buy it.



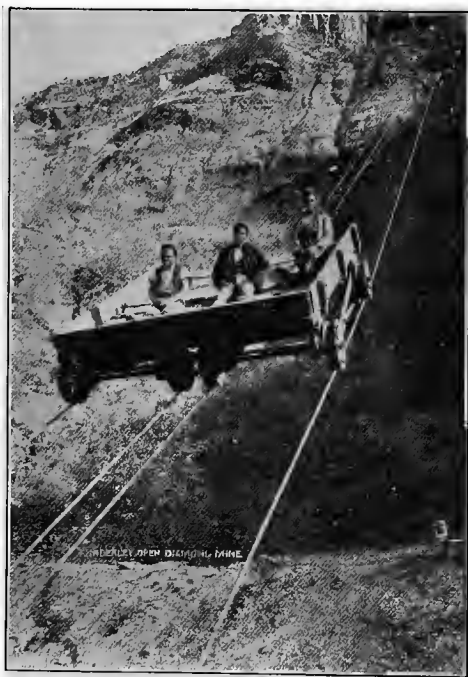
KIMBERLEY DIAMOND MINE

At the end of the principal street is a great excavation, which is pointed to with pride as the biggest hole in the world dug out by hand. A number of our tallest sky-scrappers could be inverted in this hole and completely buried.

This excavation was begun in the days when every man staked off his own claim and the mining was done with pick and shovel. The thousands of small holdings have all been merged into one great company—the De Beers Consolidated.

The earth is no longer removed by the patient laborer with his shovel. Let us begin with one of the largest of the Kimberley open mines and trace the process of diamond mining as it is scientifically carried on today. We look over the edge of the Wesseltown hole—so deep is it that the toilers down below look like little brownies with their barrows. At a signal we see them scampering in all directions and disappearing within mysterious caves in the hillsides. We accept the suggestion to retreat within the little summer house protected by an iron screen. There is a dull rumble and a small volcano breaks forth below us—then a greater shock, and rocks and soil in another part of the mine are thrown in all directions. It seems as if the enraged Cyclops have at last been able to lift the awful mass of earth which has been pressing upon them during the long ages and are breaking forth everywhere full of violence and wrath. A dozen more explosions and the brownies

come forth from their hiding places and begin loading the broken masses of hard blue ground. Each car with its burden of invisible diamonds begins the ascent. There seems an endless procession of cars as they follow each other on their way to the depositing floors. Five million car loads are taken from the mines in a year and "laboriously washed and sorted for the sake of a few bucketfuls of diamonds. The



earth removed would form a cube of more than 430 feet, or a block larger than any cathedral in the world, and overtopping the spire of St. Paul's, while a box with sides measuring 2 feet 9 inches would hold the gems."

The diamond-bearing soil is spread out on the ground to be broken up by the action of air and water.

The blue stone, which seems almost as hard as marble when first unearthed, after being exposed from three to nine months, becomes pulverized. Formerly the depositing floors were harrowed by the aid of mules, but now a modern steam harrow does the work of spreading and turning over the soil. You may be sure this precious soil is all safely enclosed and carefully guarded.

With miles of precious ground exposed it would seem that thieving might be a simple matter, and that a sparkling gem might tempt the passerby to brave the dangers of a barbed wire fence. But after all this coaxing of the soil there is still no evidence of diamonds, and the manager of the mines says that during the fifteen years that he has overlooked these floors he has never seen a diamond there. But suppose a thief did see one and succeeded in making off with his prize, it would prove a heavy weight and he would be only too glad to return his unsalable booty. For every diamond mined is registered and to attempt to leave the country with an unregistered diamond in one's possession or to sell it is a crime. Furthermore if you should find a diamond in your own garden, it is not yours—so closely do the laws of the country protect the De Beers monopoly.

Sometimes a Kafir discovers imbedded in the wall of some dark passage a shining stone, which if it does not prove to be as big as Aladdin's roc's egg, is valuable enough to make him as rich as a Kafir wants

to be. He could not hope to escape from the closely encircling compound,—even if he did, an attempt to sell his prize would probably mean years of work on the breakwater, or he might be returned to the mines as a convict laborer. If the laborer brings his find at once to the overseer he is rewarded according to the value of the diamond. A convict receives a small sum for every carat, whereas a free Kafir is paid more. In the company's office we see one recently found as large as a pigeon's egg. The reward of about \$150 enables the finder to return to his native haunts to live a Kafir's ideal life—a life of idleness. We admire the beauty stored up in this great stone, but we are told that it is less valuable than many smaller ones because of its delicate hue.

At the end of the necessary number of months, the immense carpet of "blue" is again taken up. A further treatment had to be devised to persuade the stubborn earth to yield up its prize. After leaving the depositing floors the blue ground is mixed with water and washed, to separate diamonds and equally heavy minerals from lighter material.

Until recently the separation of the diamonds from the other stones was not an easy matter, as it was done chiefly by hand-sorting. A discovery, a matter of chance, revolutionized diamond mining. You know how prospectors in the gold fields "pan out" by mixing the soil with water, and shaking it, that the heavy particles may fall to the bottom of the pan.

Where the mining is conducted on a little larger scale, the gravel mixed with water flows over a mercury bed; the quicksilver seizes the fine gold and holds it. The



HEADGEAR DE BEERS MINE

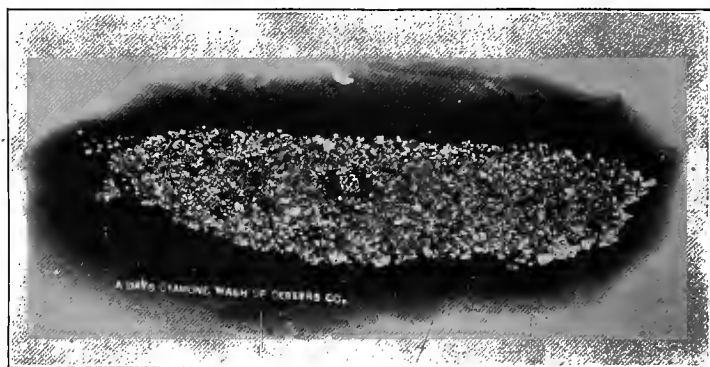
amalgam formed may be broken up by heating—the liquid mercury evaporates and the gold is set free.

Diamond mining is very similar. The diamond is a comparatively heavy stone. By washing and shaking, the lighter materials can be separated from the dia-

monds and other heavy stones, but the question was how to separate the diamonds from pebbles of an almost equal weight. A workman one day noticed that when he shook some of the earth prepared for washing in a greasy pail, that had held his dinner, a diamond clung to the bottom. A further investigation showed the affinity of grease and diamonds. Rubies and emeralds show a similar fondness for an oily surface, but grease is particular, and when cheaper stones try to cling to the shaking grease-covered pans, called the pulsator, they are at once discarded and go tumbling along with the water, while every diamond is seized and tightly held. It is a fascinating sight to see the white crystals separate themselves from the other pebbles—quartz looks very like the diamond, and when it falls on the greasy plate it goes rattling on down the incline, while every diamond remains firmly lodged where it first touches its greasy bed. The stupid grease never makes a mistake, and we wonder that it can discriminate better than our eyes or even more experienced ones.

Every two or three hours the grease is scraped from the pans—it becomes useless when mixed with water from constant washing. This yellow pudding, with diamonds for plums, is heated; the grease disappears and the diamonds, mixed with a small amount of worthless material of an equal specific gravity, are sent to the sorting table. The sorter knows the quality and the comparative size at a glance and the dia-

monds are divided accordingly. In the room where the parcels are being prepared for shipment there are heaps of crystals of varying sizes and qualities, grading down from the stones of many carats to tiny brilliants. The dull gray ones are used for cutting, though sometimes it is found worth while to take a small white morsel out of the imperfect gray crystals. You may bathe your hands in diamonds and let quarts of the beautiful smooth white stones slip through your fingers. They are beautiful even in an uncut state, and



A DAY'S DIAMOND WASH OF DE BEERS CO.

have the delightful waxy feeling of satin-spar. Nearly all of them are perfect crystals of the octahedron type, being made up of two four-faced pyramids, base to base.

Now and then they appear in fantastic shapes or assume strange colors—in the strong room they show

us diamonds as yellow as amber and others that take on various shades of pink and green. By some freak of nature one diamond has imprinted upon it the face of a clock, another a church steeple, and on a third there is deeply engraved the letter "Y." Sometimes one crystal forms within another, or a diamond crystallizes around a garnet. Small garnets are found in abundance mixed with the blue ground, and are given the name of Cape rubies.

If you chance to visit the sorting room on Thursday an attendant will say to you: "What a pity you did not come on Monday, the day for giving away small diamonds!" Had you gone there on Monday, then Thursday would have been the lucky day—it is any day except the day you come. After this joke you are recompensed for your disappointment by a gift of a handful of Cape rubies.

The few quarts of diamonds that we see represent the labor of an army of about 18,000 natives and 3,000 white men. Let us go next to a compound—the very interesting enclosure where the natives are housed. The name suggests a herding together of humanity, but here the Kafir learns more of the comforts of life than he ever knew before. All along the railway line hungry natives beg for food—the only reason they do not seek a home in the compounds where there is the certainty of work and good pay is because of their natural aversion to anything in the line of exertion. The laborer who enters the com-

pound is expected to stay at least three months, at the end of which time if he wishes to depart he is thoroughly searched.

The great quadrangle of the compound is bordered by the low houses of the natives, their only openings being on this square. You might not care to live in their humble rooms, but the most fastidious could not object to the very modern hospital with its dispensary. The large swimming tank gives many of them their



BATHING POOL

first lesson in cleanliness. There seems to be time for sports between the hours of work—a Kafir band assembled in one corner makes a weird noise which to some

ears may be music. We see a barber shaving a woolly head, according to the fantastic devices that the natives admire. In another corner a reclining group of Zulus, as shining and as perfect as though carved from black marble, are all absorbed in what appears to be a game of marbles. A little later camp fires are lit and the evening meal prepared under the open sky as if they were in their wilds. Visitors are such an everyday occurrence that the native does not look up from his occupation unless he has for sale some trifle made during his spare moments. The workmen rarely escape or try to escape, so secure are the fences of the encircling compound.

Why all this army of labor—all this accumulation of machinery? Merely that in some far away country the sunshine may flash forth from the jewel on my lady's finger.

The life at Kimberley is not all work, for where there is great wealth there are always many opportunities for pleasure. The fine driveways lead to the model workmen's village of Kenilworth, to the beautiful resort Alexandersfontein, and to the classic monument built after the model of a Greek tomb, which commemorates the heroism of those who fell at the siege of Kimberley during the recent war.

The famous siege of Paris numbered only a few more days than the one of Kimberley, where for one hundred and twenty-four days the English held out against the besieging Boer army. Had it not been

for the diamond mines, Kimberley, with her defending force of 4,500 men, could not have withstood so long the opposing army of more than 10,000 Boers. The unique defenses of the city were the tailing heaps at the mines, great piles of debris, which rise up like small hills and quite encircle the town and its suburbs. Besides these, earthworks were constructed and guns mounted upon them; one of these weapons,



SIEGE MEMORIAL AND "LONG CECIL"

"Long Cecil," made such a name for itself that it will long live in the memory of both Boer and Briton.

The story of "Long Cecil" is worth remembering, so we will tell it to you. The defenders of Kimberley were not very well prepared for a siege, and it became necessary for them to manufacture a large gun. Mr. George Labram, a citizen of the United States, at

that time Chief Engineer of the De Beers mining company, designed this great gun and superintended its construction at the mines. The whole thing was completed in twenty-four days, some of the time having first been used in making necessary tools which the town could not supply. When finished and mounted, "Long Cecil" was capable of throwing a shell of twenty-eight pounds a distance of five miles. When this gun first opened fire it caused a great stampede among the Boers, for they little suspected the existence of a gun of such long range. Some of the besiegers had brought their wives and children and had them comfortably encamped near their army, but the appearance of the new Kimberley gun suddenly put an end to this happy family picnic.

When the siege first began the people of the town continued in their daily duties as if nothing out of the ordinary were taking place; business was carried on and the mines were operated, for the shot and shells from the Boer guns did very little damage inside the fortifications. Finally from one cause or another, it became necessary to close the mines, and then arose the question about the thousands of unemployed. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who was living in Kimberley at the time and who was the amalgamator of all the diamond mining companies of South Africa, came to the rescue and provided work for the twenty thousand idle workmen, in the construction of the wonderful "Siege Avenue," a broad street several miles long.

Towards the end of the siege provisions were becoming scarcer every day and no place seemed safe from the shells sent in by the Boers, who had received reinforcements and fresh ammunition. One afternoon Mr. Labram, of "Long Cecil" fame, was killed by the bursting of a shell fired into his room. Other similar fatalities induced Mr. Rhodes to offer the women and children shelter in the mines. Accordingly 3,000 women and children were lowered into the mines, where they were carefully attended for five days, when the siege was raised. Relief came none too soon; horse flesh had been the only meat for more than a month, and the population of 45,000, white and colored, were in a state of semi-starvation. Many people died, especially babies and small children, the total number being about 1,700. There had at no time been any thought of surrender on the part of the besieged, but a glad welcome was given to General French's cavalry when it arrived on the scene of action and ended the siege, February 15, 1900.

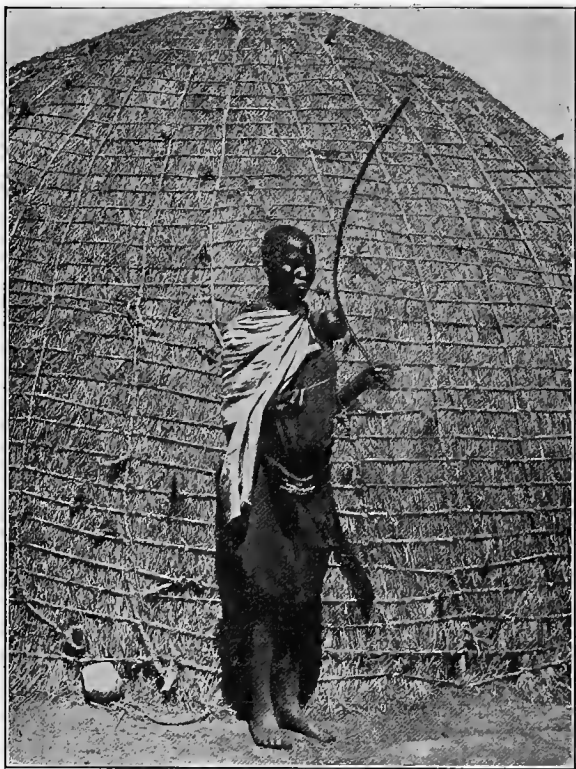
FROM KIMBERLEY TO VICTORIA FALLS

DID you ever plan to sail through the Northwest Passage; or to visit the sacred city of Thibet, or to row on the Zambesi? Such names look very well in a geography, but until recently they seemed places to read about—not to visit.

It is fifty years since the great explorer, Livingstone, first saw the falls to which he gave the name of his queen—Victoria. The account of his journey through the jungles of Africa seems as wonderful, and as impossible for us, as a voyage of Sinbad the Sailor. That was the road for a hero—the Zambesi Express is better for us. Three days from the time we leave Kimberley the guard promises us we shall hear the roar of falling waters, though we must travel five hours more before we actually see the “water that smokes”—the native name for Victoria Falls.

Although the guide book says that between Kimberley and Victoria Falls, a distance of about a thousand miles, there is very little to see, the little we do see is of great interest. The farther we go from civilization the better acquainted do we become with the native and his way of living. We do not regret that our train hurries us past the scene of war—Mafeking, and it would not hold our attention were it not for the remembrance of its famous seven months' siege by the Boers. A little beyond Mafeking we enter Be-

chuanaland (*Betch-u-an-a-land*) Protectorate. A protectorate is a province ruled over by native chiefs



NATIVE HUT

under the supervision and protection of the British. The southern part of Bechuanaland lies in the Kalahari desert and our way lies along the eastern border

of this desert. Names like Tigerkloof and Crocodile Pools tell us what we might have seen had we come before the railroad.

Bechuanaland is divided among several great Kafir chiefs, the most important being Bathwen (*Batwing*), Sebele and Khama. The first part of our journey lies through Bathwen's territory. Bathwen has seven tribes subject to him. He has accepted Christianity and was properly married to his wife, who is a woman of strong character. He lives in a good European house, suitably furnished. In one room are seven or eight clocks, gifts of Europeans. Bathwen once visited Cape Town and on his return he gave a lecture to his young people. He told the native children of the wonders of the big town of the white people, the sea and the great ships. To his missionaries he said:

"Formerly, when you, the missionaries, used to explain the white man's wonders to us, we did not understand what you told us very well. Now that we have seen these marvels with our own eyes, during our visit last moon to the Cape, we can understand a good deal of what you used to tell us. We thought that we failed to comprehend because you did not know our language well enough. But now we, masters of the language, find that we can not make our fellows and friends who have not seen them understand these wonderful sights, although we explain them as clearly as possible. So we know that it was

not your fault that we did not understand your explanations long ago. These things must be seen to be understood."

The membership of the native Christian Church under Bathwen is a thousand, with a large number of



TYPICAL NATIVE HUTS

native preachers whose labors are earnest and successful. Such heathen customs as polygamy, paying for wives with cattle, rain-making, and witchcraft, have all been swept away by Christian influence.

The province adjoining Bathwen's is ruled over by a chief who is anything but a Christian—Sebele re-



A KAFIR TOWN

mains a heathen in spite of his regular attendance at church. One of his failings is his fondness for beer.

The beer made by these natives is of two kinds—the corn beer, which is somewhat thick, and the beer made of honey, a more intoxicating drink. The beer is usually served in a large earthenware pot or calabash, the drinkers sitting around it, each one helping himself with a small ladle made also of calabash. A calabash is a large gourd often used as a food utensil by both whites and natives. Those who have formed the habit of intemperance are not satisfied with native beer, and they barter away their oxen, sheep,

goats, horses, wagons, in fact all that they have, in order to get the white man's brandy, which Europeans sell to them, in spite of prohibitive laws.

The native African knows many fairy tales which he loves to relate. He enjoys nothing better than to have a number of hearers sitting around a fire on a pitch-dark night, to whom he will tell tales of folklore far into the night. Since Sebele is noted as a story-teller, we will join his audience for an evening's entertainment. An interpreter is necessary, for the chief does not speak English. After we have listened attentively to dozens of tales, we are struck with their great resemblance to our B'r'er Rabbit stories, which are indeed an echo from the wilds of Central Africa. Here is one as it was told to us.

THE HARE AND THE LION

Once upon a time a hare was compelled to live with a lion for some time. The lion made the poor little hare supply him with food, not an easy task. The lion would not leave the hare, for he thought her very wise and clever. Every day the lion said to his little companion: "Set food before me, for I am hungry, or else I shall eat you up!" The hare answered as meekly as possible: "All right; I will soon get you plenty of food. Come with me!" So away the pair went. The hare told the lion to keep out of sight while she went on ahead. Then she assembled all the wild creatures, saying she wished to make them a

speech. She called them together in a large enclosure formed of thorn-bushes. While they were wondering what the hare was going to say, the lion sprang into their midst and had a great feast on antelopes and other game, as the hare had planned he should do. Day after day the hare carried out this same plan, but in the end became tired of her work, for the lion was a most ungrateful beast. Then the hare decided to make an end of the lion, but it took all her wisdom to find a way, for her companion was always at her side. However, one day the hare invited the lion to see her little house which she had built. When they got there the hare sprang upon the roof. The lion wished to do the same but he could not, so the great strong fellow had to ask his little weak companion to help him up. "All right," said the wise little animal; "put up your tail, that I may get hold of it to assist you." The lion gladly did as he was told, for he had great faith in whatever the hare said or did. But this time the hare did not help the lion—instead of pulling him up she tied his tail fast to the roof of the house, then ran away, leaving the lion hanging there till he died. So the hare was never more troubled by the lion.

The chief reason for Sebele's not accepting Christianity is because it would necessitate his giving up many of his favorite pastimes. Both his neighbors, Bathwen and Khama, are Christians and in their countries most of the heathen customs have been abolished.

We will speak of some of the customs still existing in Sebele's country.

The Boyale is a regiment of girls who must work together for their chief at his command. About five hundred girls, from fourteen to seventeen years of age, enter the Boyale and are divided into bands of twenty to fifty each, under the charge of a head woman, carrying a terrible rod, whose thorny branches are curled round at the end, making it a dreadful instrument of torture. The girls wear on their heads fox-skin caps; around their bodies are rings of reed beads,—that is, reeds a few inches long, threaded like an immense necklace. A large number of these are loaded upon their bodies until the poor girls can scarcely get their arms over them to do anything. Besides these, a reed skirt is worn, the reeds hanging down to their knees. Then the girls make themselves more hideous by covering their faces with ocher. The girls are taught heathen chants and dances. If they do not sing and dance properly the women in charge strike their bare shoulders, often causing them to bleed. After having thus been instructed all day, the girls must carry firewood, and then sing and dance all night. Those who can afford it pay others to dance for them. This instruction lasts a fortnight or so, at the end of which time each girl has an incision made in her side, serving as a Boyale certificate. While the girls are taking this training, boys of the same age are undergoing an equally odious training,

and after a fortnight or so they all join forces for one night, making together one hideous carnival of heathenism with their wild dances and chants.

When a native wishes to marry, he must buy his wife, giving to her father in payment a certain number of oxen, say five, seven, nine, or, if a chief, even fifty-one. Bogadi is the name for this sort of money. An odd number of oxen is always given, for even numbers are considered unlucky. In case the wife is not a good one, the husband may claim the return of the cattle. On the other hand, if the husband is unkind to his wife, she may feel free to return to her home because of the Bogadi in her father's possession.



GROUP OF NATIVES

Love-charms are used among these people even today. If a girl's parents wish her to marry a certain young man, the father goes to the witchdoctor for a potion for this purpose. Having obtained it, he gives it to his daughter, who in turn gives it to her lover upon the first opportunity. When the young man has drunk the draught, the whole town knows it, and the wedding is talked of at once.

The witchdoctor is a most important character in

savage tribes. There are witchdoctors for various offices, such as healing the sick, making rain, finding lost articles and so on. It is useless to try to convince the natives that these diviners are imposters. In cases of illness the doctor often says that the pain is caused by a lizard, frog, beetle or other creature, and by a sleight-of-hand trick he produces the creature which has caused the trouble. If the patient does not rapidly recover, he is considered by his friends to be showing great ingratitude to his doctor. Oftentimes English and Dutch farmers consult witchdoctors when they have lost any of their cattle, and usually the animal is found, for the Kafir has a well developed sense of sight, and once having seen an animal he can recognize it again long afterwards. The doctors often divine by means of the "Praying Mantis," as our children call the little insect which the Afri-cander children call the "Hottentot god." All who have ever watched a mantis have noticed how he stops and seems to point with his head, some imagining the attitude to be that of prayer, whence its American name. The witchdoctor makes good use of this insect when he wishes to find out in which direction the stolen or strayed ox has gone.

When a person is eaten up by some wild animal, the witchdoctor is called in to "smell out" the sorcerer. Death by such means is believed to be caused by sorcery—the natives believe that a sorcerer can change himself at will into a crocodile, lion, or other animal,

and after devouring a victim can return to his original form. The "smelling out" process begins with a wild dance performed by the diviner, at intervals during which he smells of various members in his audience. When the guilty one is found, the doctor springs over his head and pronounces him guilty, whereupon all the others immediately flee from the culprit as if he were the evil one. However, before the punishment is settled upon, the guilty one has a trial by ordeal, in which he may or may not be found guilty. There are many kinds of such trials, but we will speak of only one, the ordeal by boiling water. This ordeal is similar to that used in Europe not very long ago. A large beer-pot, made of native pottery, is filled with water and set over a fire. Some charms and herbs are put in, and when the water boils furiously the diviner drops in a pebble. The suspected one is then made to pick out the pebble with his hand. If he should do this without scalding his hand, he is innocent. It is needless to say, he never escapes.

The cow is all important to the Kafir, for with it he can buy anything from a wife to a bag of corn in time of drought. The wealth of a tribe is reckoned in cattle—they have been the means of exchange among the South African natives for centuries. The cow has come to be regarded as almost sacred. As soon as a child is born, a necklace with a few hairs from a cow's tail woven into it is put around its neck as a good luck charm.

The women, who are regarded as inferior to the men, have few privileges. One of their many prohibitions is that they may not enter the cattle kraal, nor are they allowed to touch the milk sacs or gourds. Life is more endurable for the women in Khama's country, in fact in all countries touched by the influence of Christianity.

Originally the tribe ruled over by Khama had its capital at Shoshong. But in 1889 Khama decided to abandon the old site, and move northward one hundred miles to a spot which he called Palapye (*Pa-lop'she*). The chief reason for moving was the scarcity of water; then, too, Khama realized that the sanitary



GROUP OF PICCANINNIES

conditions of the old town could be improved upon in a new town. Accordingly Palapye was carefully laid out, ample space being given to each family. In less than three months 20,000 natives and one family

of missionaries had moved all their worldly possessions and were living in their new homes.

In less than ten years' time the railway was pushed up through Bechuanaland, too near the new capital to suit Khama. The rapid march of civilization is not

always beneficial to the natives. Khama realized this, for he knew that strong drinks would be imported, and this evil he hoped to avoid. Consequently he felt obliged to move his capital once again, this time to Mahalapye (*Mak-a-lop-she*).

Khama is perhaps the most beloved of all the chiefs, and he certainly has the best ruled country. His people are sober, well-disposed and contented. The men, although trained as warriors, in case fighting should ever be necessary, do not consider themselves mere fighting men and let the women do all the work, as is the savage custom.

In 1895 the three great Bechuana chiefs visited Great Britain. They went over the sea to present a petition to Parliament. Since the requests were fairly reasonable they were nearly all granted. Their one supreme wish while in England was to see the "great white queen," as the natives called Queen Victoria. In expressing their fears lest they should not be allowed to see Her Majesty, they said: "Many of our ignorant people tell us that they do not believe that such a person as the great Queen exists. If we, their own Chiefs, return home saying we have not seen Her Majesty, what will they say? They will say that they spoke the truth when they said that there was no Queen in England. So we fear to return to our own land unless we can first see the Queen."

While in Great Britain the three Chiefs traveled about and saw all the wonderful sights of the coun-

try. Their one great wish was realized—they saw Queen Victoria and had an audience with her. At this meeting the Queen spoke these kind and generous words to the Chiefs: “I am glad to see the Chiefs and to know that they love my rule. I confirm the settlement of their case which my Minister has made. I approve of the provisions excluding intoxicating liquors from their country, for I have strong feelings on the subject. The Chiefs must help my Minister and my High Commissioner in securing this object. I thank them for the presents which they have made to me, and I wish for their happiness, and that of their people.”

The presents referred to were beautiful karosses, that is, sleeveless jackets (worn by South African natives), made of beautiful skins of leopards and silver jackals. As parting gifts, Queen Victoria gave each Chief a beautifully bound New Testament in his native Sechwana language, her own portrait, and an Indian shawl, the last being for their wives.

In Bechuanaland the chief is no longer an absolute prince; he must submit to the restraints imposed upon him by the government, or by the dictates of a conscience awakened by the teachings of Christianity.

When we cross the border line into Rhodesia we find the scattered remnants of a tribe too fierce to recognize restraint. The Matabele, ruled over by the cruel Lobengula, refused to keep faith with the whites, and were guilty of every kind of barbarity

toward the allies of the British, the Mashonas. The whites were forced to realize that no life was safe in the territory of the Matabele, and the war was waged which terminated in 1894 in the death of Lobengula, the submission of his tribe, and the annexation of 750,000 square miles to British territory—an area surpassing that of France, Germany, Austria and Italy. At this time Rhodesia took a new name and a new lease of life. Rhodesia is ruled by a chartered company who have an undertaking similar to that of the old East India Company, with all its responsibilities but without its great profits.

Bulawayo, formerly the point from which the Matabele started on their raids, is now the capital of Rhodesia. It is one of the newest of South Africa's many new towns. The fine streets and driveways, the handsome office buildings, together with the small and scattered population, remind one of a "boom" town in the western states. One who believes in the country will probably tell you that it is built with room to grow, and that its founder planned for the great future which its gold mines insure.

Rickshaws met us at the station, less picturesque than we find them elsewhere. The boys do not seem to take as much pride in their costumes and do not wear the gay tunic and the head-dress of horns which we will see later in Johannesburg. A blinding dust storm greets us and the only shade is from the lonely blue gums which throw uncertain shadows as they

shudder before the hot breath of the winds. We pass through the Malay and Kafir districts to the center of the town, where the handsome hotels and government buildings would do credit to a town of ten times the population of Bulawayo, which claims only 7,000 people. Where the four great crossroads meet is a statue of Rhodes—the maker of Rhodesia in so far as one man can develop a country and establish faith in it.

A drive of a few miles brings us to the old indaba tree under which Lobengula formerly dispensed his so-called justice. Near the tree is the picturesque Government House. Everywhere we see the old giving place to the new. In the street we pass the trap of the smart English tourist, then walking with swinging gait the half-clad native. When we go farther to the north or when we get into territory where the Dutch have ruled, the native does not seem to question taking a subordinate place and does not expect to walk on the sidewalk.

We find we must linger two days at Bulawayo in order to see two famous monuments—one modern, the other dating from Old Testament times.

A short train journey takes us to the Matopo hills. A marble slab on a solitary grave reads, "Here lies the body of John Cecil Rhodes." This was where he wished to be buried—and the pilgrim to his grave sees from the hills what he called "The World's View." It is a view that reminds one of his life in its loneliness and might, and its simplicity and greatness.

Not far from the grave is the Shangani monument erected to the memory of Major Wilson and his party. An American scout, Mr. Burnham, survived to tell the story which Rider Haggard has thrillingly retold. The scout left the little party to get reinforcements, which arrived too late. Every school boy in Africa learns in his reader about "Major Wilson's last stand." The Matabele surrounded the small band of twenty—to take flight

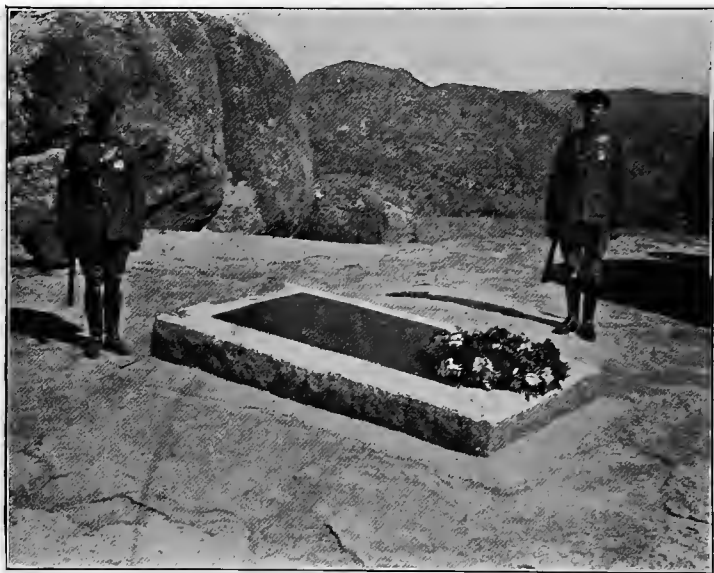
would mean to leave their wounded comrades. They held out as long as the ammunition lasted and died in a hand to hand conflict in an unequal fight against thousands. On the four great bronze tablets that commemorate the deed, the likenesses of the heroes have



UNVEILING OF RHODES' STATUE—1905

been strikingly portrayed. These monuments have been made as strong and enduring as man can devise, but our next day at the Khami ruins reminds us that nothing is proof against time.

A drive of twelve miles from Bulawayo takes us to Khami. Eleven great ruins and many smaller ones give evidence of a buried city. Farther into the heart



GUARD OF HONOR AT RHODES' GRAVE

of Rhodesia are the Zimbabwe ruins—larger and more imposing than Khami but very similar in design, and made intricate with herring bone and lattice stones. Both ruins are supposed to belong to the

same period—a period long before Stonehenge or the Coliseum. It is supposed that the Phenicians built their temples and smelted their gold here, and that the mines of Rhodesia were a source of wealth to the Queen of Sheba. Very little excavating has been done about the ruins, but gold ornaments and glass trinkets have been found. The surrounding country shows the presence of gold bearing reefs, and the wealth from these mines is thought to be the gold of Ophir, which the ships of Solomon and Hiram, King of Tyre, and others brought to Jerusalem about 1000 B. C.

The Baobab tree testifies to the age of the Rhodesian ruins. This tree, called by the natives the sour gourd or Cream of Tartar tree, is like an immense champagne bottle. The trunk is from twenty to thirty feet in diameter and it is often known to attain the age of a thousand years. The fruit is a brown gourd, suspended from a long cord-like stem sometimes two feet in length. Inside is a white powder, with the taste and properties of cream of tartar. The Baobab trees flourishing among the Rhodesian ruins mean that a city has been deserted, the fine ground has sifted in deep enough to make a soil and after that the Baobab has grown unmolested for a thousand years. At the Bulawayo museum we are interested in a collection of relics from this old, old civilization.

The towns are fewer and fewer as we go north, but

each little station has its own features of interest if we are willing to be interested. During a stop for dinner a friendly tame ostrich parades the station,



BAOBAB TREE

thrusting his head in at the open windows and eating the food we offer him. Up and down he saunters, as though he, too, were a tourist.

At every stopping place the natives swarm around the car, eagerly offering

for sale little wooden animals, crude in their carving but sometimes very lifelike. The bottles of milk they recommend are no temptation, for we fear the wares may be no cleaner than the seller. When we lean out of the window we are greeted by a swarm of beggars, hungry and half-clothed, but so numerous that it seems hopeless to try to feed them. Sometimes a mother with a baby on her back, or a roguish begging little boy gets the last biscuit from our tea box.

At Wankie there is a new town that has grown up around the recently discovered coal mines. Back from the village of the white men we see the kraals of the natives, though usually the larger settlements are far from the stations.

The journey of a day and a night from Bulawayo

brings us to what was in 1905 the terminus of the Cape to Cairo railroad—the bridge across the narrow chasm of the Zambesi. It was Cecil Rhodes who projected the railroad which is to connect the Mediterranean with the Cape. Of the 5,700 miles, 1,631 have been finished from the southern end and 1,400 follow the Nile to Khartum, so more than half the distance has been bridged.

We know that we are nearing the Falls, and every one is at the windows or on the car platforms to listen for the sound of falling waters which we are told can be heard in the stillness at a distance of twenty miles. Finally the guard calls, "Victoria Falls Station," and we rejoice that we have arrived in time to have our first glimpse of the river before dusk.

A short walk brings us to the rambling hotel which is soon to give place to a more pretentious one. On the broad veranda tea is served. The Falls are not in view from the hotel, but we see a great promontory with the river twisting like a serpent around its base and high across the canyon the suspended bridge is like a fairy arch.

The two most wonderful feats of engineering in the world were completed on the same day in April, 1905,—the Simplon tunnel, and the highest bridge in the world, spanning the Zambesi. It took the greatest skill in engineering to fling this steel network across the deep gorge of the river. At first a cord was shot across by means of a rocket—this drew a thicker

cord, then a rope, then a steel cable. On this was suspended a swinging cage we sometimes call the "Flying Dutchman," which bore across the workmen and their tools, and before the bridge was finished a thousand tons of steel. A great derrick swinging far across the river helped with the work. An electric plant was erected near the Falls to help in the construction. The bridge is 420 feet high and 650 feet long. The building continued from either side until the last bolt was riveted in April; the bridge was not formally opened for traffic until September 12, 1905, when the British Association for the Advancement of Science visited Victoria Falls during their tour of South Africa. President Darwin announced that the bridge was opened for the commerce of the world and the car passed over bearing the Union Jack.

After tea on the hotel veranda we wander down to the bridge to get the first view of the falling water. The bridge is no longer a cobweb arch at nearer view, but a network of strong steel bars. The bridge does not afford the best view of the Falls, but two great cascades can be seen—feathery clouds of spray against a gray wall of stone, half covered with soft green velvety moss.

The Zambesi above the Falls is two miles wide, and the precipice over which it falls over a mile in width, yet the narrow stream that flows beneath the bridge is only a few hundred feet in width. We look down upon its surface, quiet and peaceful, and it seems like

a little meadow brook, yet man has not been able to fathom its depth. Geologists have said that the water must find an exit through an underground passage, but it is not impossible that the very deep narrow channel has confined the waters of this great river. The old theory of earthquakes and the resulting fissures causing the formation at the Falls is no longer accepted.

The Victoria Falls have had the same history as Niagara and are the result of erosion. Speaking in round numbers, Victoria Falls are twice the width and twice the height of Niagara Falls, and four times the volume of water passes over them as over Niagara.

We leave the bridge and follow the river bank, and come upon another great sheet of falling water. Every step presents a new view, and in our eagerness to see it all we find we are in the midst of a rain storm. Water is dripping everywhere in the palm grove into which we have made our way. This, then, is the "Rain Forest," where showers are never ceasing. We go back to the hotel to prepare ourselves to penetrate its watery depths.

Fortune favors us, for we have timed our journey for the full moon, and we shall see the lunar rainbow. We venture into the Rain Forest from the other side and come upon a foaming mass of water, "The Devil's Cataract." Naming the greater falls from west to east, beyond the Devil's Cataract is the Main Fall, then the Rainbow Fall, and the Eastern Cat-

aract. The mile of falling water includes several distinct larger cataracts owing to the islands which break the Falls at the verge. We take the path through the Rain Forest with the soft shower. Every opening in the trees causes us to exclaim in wonder. Before us are the great sheets of the Main Falls—a



VICTORIA FALLS—ZAMBESI—ONE MILE WIDE, FOUR HUNDRED FEET OF FALL

gleaming mass of foam, white and billowy in the moonlight. We force our way through the jungle, cling to the monkey ropes, and see over the edge an arch of opal—the lunar rainbow.

It would be a perilous feat to attempt to row down

the Niagara River and try to look over the precipice at the falling water, but this is possible on the Zambesi. Our second day at the Falls we cross the bridge, and the road brings us to a point on the river above the cataract where the boats of the natives are moored. The canoes glide noiselessly to the island, the black oarsmen standing like glistening statues in the prow. The large island on the edge of the Falls has been given the discoverer's name. Livingstone discovered the Falls from above. The native boatmen rowed him down the river toward the "water that smokes" to an island on the very verge—a venture that the swift current of Niagara makes impossible. In the center of Livingstone Island is a tree which the authorities have attempted to preserve, because on it the initials of the great explorer are still faintly discernible.

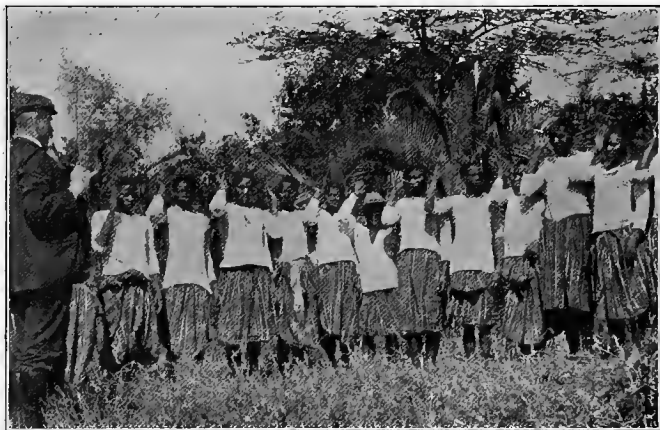


NATIVES ON THE ZAMBESI

At the very verge of the Island we lie on the jutting rocks and watch the river make its mad leap into the frenzied whirlpools below—a narrow gash, a hundred yards across and the length of the Falls, separates Livingstone Island from the Rain Forest.

Within this the waters eddy and foam—the spot where the struggle is fiercest has been named the “Boiling Pot.” We are in the midst of sun-illuminated spray—below us the most glorious rainbows oscillate alone or in dancing pairs.

Washed by the spray a new *Gladiolus* has been found which was appropriately named “Maid of the Mist.” As an adaptation to its environment, its upper petal forms a pent-house to protect the stamens and pistil from the ceaseless downpour. To culti-



BAROTSE CANOE BOYS DRILLING

vate it successfully in conservatories, constant spraying is necessary.

We plan a quiet row on the Zambesi for our last day at the Falls. With our lunch we make an early

start and drive to the landing place, where a little gasoline launch awaits us. All morning we make our way up stream on the broad still waters of the river. Tall cocoanut trees, interlaced "Monkey Ropes" (Lianes) and palms of every description border the river. Occasionally we see through the trees the thatched roofs of Kafir huts, some high on poles like the nests of great birds. We watch for hippopotami or crocodiles in vain—traffic on the river has made the animals wary. The river is dotted with islands, and our boatman points out two of the larger ones as Princess Christian and Princess Victoria, named for the first two members of the royal family who visited the river.

At the village of Livingstone our boat makes a stop and we go ashore. Under the scattered trees on the sun-baked plain, the half-clad natives are dreaming away the hot morning, while a musically inclined companion plays a monotonous chant on an instrument made from a tortoise shell with stretched strings; an old tin imbedded in the earth is the sounding board. Some boys bent on profit follow us with "lucky beans" and "mahogany" beans for sale. The lucky bean is a small red seed tipped with black—hard enough to be set in gold and serve for years as a jewel. The "mahogany" bean is larger—black enlivened by a scarlet arillus.

Everywhere Livingstone has left a name and a memory. The Barotsi, who, with their chief, Le-

wanika, have for years held sway in this region, were prepared to welcome the next missionaries, for they argued since they were white they must be good like Livingstone; and, indeed, they found confirma-



ZAMBESI PETS

tion for their trust in the life and work of the noble French missionary, M. Colliard, who for so many years labored in their midst.

Though a great explorer, Livingstone was above all a missionary. The tablet over his grave in the floor of Westminster Abbey quotes his life prayer that all men should unite to do away with the curse

of slavery. His wife, who shared his toil, rests in a lonely grave not far from the Zambesi.

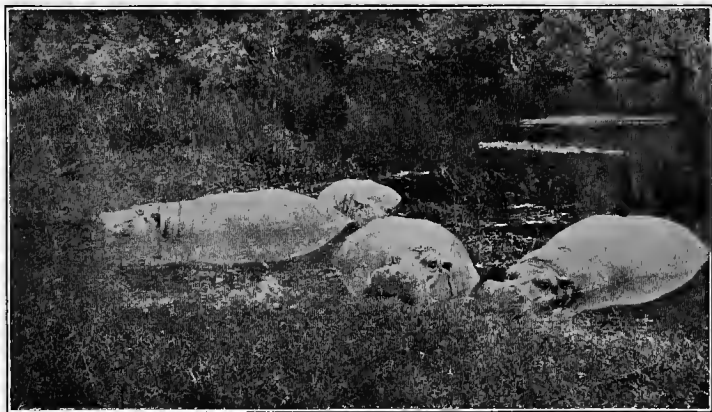
At Livingstone is King Lewanika's store. He is a fairly enlightened chief who prides himself on his visit to England and his European clothes. Fine karosses and handsome baskets tempt us. The baskets are not unlike those of the North American Indians and are water tight. They are used for porridge bowls and for drinking cups. An attempt by a buyer to reduce the quoted price met with the dignified response, "This is the King's store." The native does not appear anxious to make a sale, and he would not defraud his chief, though two hundred miles away at his capital in the interior.

All about us are the hills of a Lilliputian village—the work of the white ant. Scientists have suggested that this insect takes the place of the earthworm in pulverizing the soil. It is certain that it pulverizes many things that it should not. In the morning your boots may be without soles, or your wooden trunk may be scattered about your room in the form of powder. A fallen log becomes in a few days a shell of bark.



KING LEWANIKA'S CURIO STORE

We find a glimpse of the larger animals of the river is not altogether to be desired. While we are picnicking on the bank we hear cries from the river and see in the distance an overturned canoe being borne down the stream, and a native clinging to it for



SCHOOL OF HIPPOS

support and shouting for help. Our launch goes to the rescue, and we are not sorry that the hippo has chosen another boat than ours for a plaything.

The red sunset behind the cocoanut palms as we drift down the stream is one of the most beautiful pictures of our African pilgrimage.

VICTORIA FALLS TO THE TRANSVAAL

THE year 1835 saw the Great Trek (migration) of the Boers from Cape Colony. They pushed northward for several reasons, chiefly because of discontent under British rule. It was at this time that slavery was abolished in all British possessions; although a fairly good price was paid to the slave-owners, still many of the Dutch farmers resented the interference with what seemed to them their legal rights. The British bought the slaves for about \$250,000, and thirty years later the United States settled the question of slavery under far harder conditions. About fifty Boer families under a leader packed their worldly possessions into great ox-wagons, and started out for unexplored regions. The late President Kruger was one of the children who went on this expedition with his parents. These pioneers suffered untold hardships and many were murdered by the fierce natives into whose country they went. Some finally reached the present site of Johannesburg, while others pushed on to the east, settling in what is now the province of Natal. Those early settlers near Johannesburg founded the beginning of the South African Republic, which later had its capital at Pretoria, named after its president, Mr. Pretorius. In the recent war, this Transvaal Republic lost its power and fell into the hands of the British.

Leaving now the beautiful Victoria Falls behind us, we shall retrace our steps to Mafeking, about 800 miles south of the Zambesi. From here we will "trek" across country to Johannesburg, nearly 200 miles.



TREK WAGON

In "trekking" one travels mostly at night, so little is seen of the country if one cares to sleep. Our wagon is a typical trek-wagon, like that seen in the picture. We have fourteen oxen, a driver and a voor-louper (leader). Two kegs of water hang beneath the wagon, a sail top (tent) protects us from the sun, and a mattress on the bottom serves as a bed. Our food

and cooking utensils are stored away in boxes. We start off at sundown, and travel leisurely till midnight, when we stop for an hour's rest. Then on we go till six in the morning. We outspan the oxen near a small stream, where there are a few trees offering us welcome shade, and breakfast preparations are begun. The Kafir boy builds the fire, and boils the water, and very soon we have a good breakfast. The whole day is spent at this place, for it is not comfortable to travel for hours along a sunny road. By sundown, oxen and travelers are both sufficiently rested to continue the trekking—thus we go on for four or five days. Our trekking recalls the five and seven miles long processions of refugees during the war. We sleep very comfortably at night, for the road is good, having been much used in the past twenty-five years. On our journey from Mafeking we pass several small villages, otherwise there is little to see.

JOHANNESBURG

In the distance we see Johannesburg; we marvel at this wondrous city which has sprung into existence as by magic, for in less than twenty years the population has increased to 84,000. What caused this rapid and sudden growth, in a town which began with only 3,000 people in 1887? Gold was discovered on the site of the present city, and the news of it caused people to flock there from all corners of the world. As we walk along the streets, we are struck with a

strange fact, that is, the absence in general of women and elderly men. This is readily accounted for when we consider the difficulties in the way of traveling, for the railway reached Johannesburg only a few years ago. The young men of the world, fired with the gold fever, left their homes and rushed to the Trans-

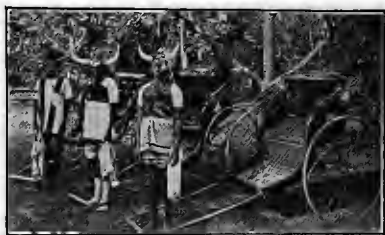


ELOFF STREET, JOHANNESBURG

vaal. Many made their fortunes and returned with them to their native homes. On the other hand, a large number of people have remained in the city, where they have built beautiful residences.

Johannesburg is pre-eminently a city of wealth, which we realize more and more as we walk leisurely

along the streets. The shop windows are as attractive as those of Paris. We stop to admire the jewelers' displays of beautiful and expensive wares. Everywhere are signs of great wealth, in the handsome shops, in the well-dressed people on the street—indeed it is said that more money is made and lost in one day in Johannesburg than in any other city in the world. There is much gambling on the Stock Exchange, to say nothing of the money won and lost in social games. Johannesburg boasts of several theatres and many club houses, and society life in that city. is the most fashionable in all South Africa. Ladies dressed in the latest Parisian gowns drive by in elegant carriages drawn by most beautiful horses, and motor cars



RICKSHAW BOYS

without number race past with great speed. To us the rickshaws (short for "jinrickshas") are the oddest kind of conveyance. A light two-wheeled cart drawn by a colored boy, clad in unique attire, a pair of horns on his head making him look like a satyr. The small horse-car line looks out of place in this flourishing modern city, and we are glad to know that an electric tram system is already nearing completion. The massive stone buildings eight and ten

stories high are strikingly American in architecture. This is not strange, for there is a large colony of Americans in the city; many of the highest positions in the mines, not only in Johannesburg, but throughout South Africa, are held by Americans. Four daily papers and several weeklies supply local and foreign news to the people. Wages are high, a baker can earn \$25 a week, while plumbers and stonemasons receive \$35. Everything is correspondingly expensive, the least fare on the tram being a sixpence (twelve cents). House rents are higher in proportion than in New York, for modern conveniences are not found in every house. Fresh eggs (by the way many eggs are imported from Ireland) sell usually from 75 cents to \$1.00 a dozen.

Johannesburg has an elevation of 5,655 feet, that is more than a mile above sea-level; this gives a very bracing atmosphere and a delightful climate. In one year recently the total fall of rain was thirty inches, all of which fell in 187 hours; the rain usually comes down in heavy thunder-showers which last but a short time. In the warmest weather the wealthiest people of this city take their families to the seashore, traveling from 300 to 400 miles to the nearest seaport.

We spend several days driving about the many pretty suburbs, where the better class of people have built very nice residences. Trees have been planted along many streets, but as yet they afford little shade. An American friend offers to take us for a day's out-

ing to Pretoria, the Transvaal capital, twenty-five miles away.

PRETORIA

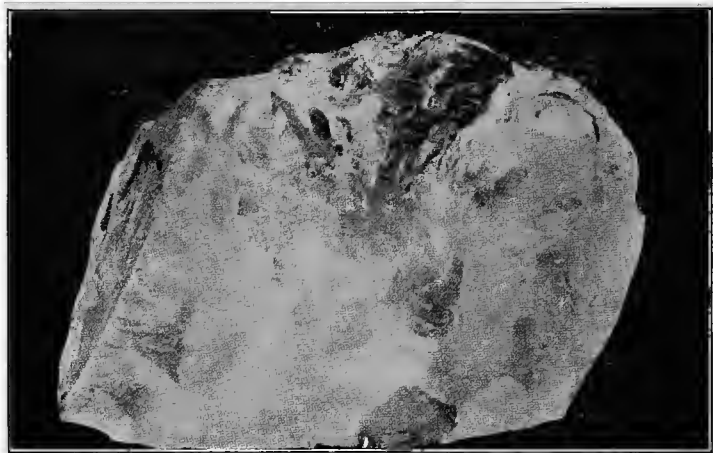
The distance is soon covered, for we are spinning along in a fine motor-car, going as fast as we please. If there are any laws against scorching no one heeds them, and everybody drives a motor-car or rides a



PREMIER DIAMOND MINE HAULAGE

bicycle at high speed. Pretoria is a restful city of rose-embowered homes, for 35,000 people. The first railway train entered this city in 1895, although the place was then about fifty years old. The chief industry here is diamond mining, but having seen the work-

ings of such mines in Kimberley, we shall not take time to visit these. The diamond interest in the Transvaal stands next in importance to the gold, and the Premier Diamond Mine is one of the wonders of



NISSEN-PRETORIA

THE CULLINAN DIAMOND—TWO-THIRDS SIZE

modern discovery. The gold mines are centered at Johannesburg, while diamonds are mined in Pretoria.

The site of the famous Premier Mine, twenty miles from Pretoria, was in 1902 an untilled field, but now after four years it is a thriving center of industry. The present manager of this mine obtained possession of the land in an interesting manner. A farm, lying near land which was believed to be diamondiferous, was offered for sale for the preposterous price of \$280,000. Different people asked the farmer if they

might inspect the land before buying to see what were the prospects of diamond soil being found there. But to all entreaties the farmer replied: "No; take it or leave it, and the price must be paid in hard cash." Finally Mr. Cullinan determined to buy that farm on speculation; he interested a number of friends in the scheme and among them they raised \$400,000, more than enough to buy the farm. Within three years after this investment the original \$400,000 had been more than doubled and even trebled. The value of the average diamond is about \$14.00 per carat. As at the Kimberley mines, the finder of a diamond in the rough receives a good reward. The world famous diamond called the "Cullinan" diamond was found by a workman, who dug the stone out of the rock with a penknife. He received as his reward \$10,000, the value of the diamond being about \$2,500,000.

DURBAN

DURING the first years in South Africa the newcomers try to keep up the Christmas traditions of the mother country by preparing the steamed plum pudding and eating it bravely in spite of the heat, for you will remember that in the southern hemisphere the seasons are reversed, and that their summer is in December and their winter in July. Although the candles have a way of melting before the day is done there is an attempt to decorate the Christmas tree. In time the people learn to accommodate their celebration to the weather and a picnic at the beach is not a bad substitute for the Yule log. The seaside resorts are crowded on the great holidays—Christmas, Boxing Day (the day after Christmas, when the servants expect freedom and a present or Christmas box), New Year's, and the several bank holidays. The cheap excursions planned by the Government railways make it possible for the poorer people to have an occasional glimpse of the sea. If you are rich you go to the hotels or have your own summer house—but there is no reason for staying at home if you can not have these luxuries. The Africander knows how to have a happy out-of-door summer with a trek wagon and a tent.

After Christmas all the talk is about the vacation trip. Our friends in Johannesburg are going to take

the shortest route to the sea, and we make the twenty-four hours' trip with them to Durban. From our great elevation of six thousand feet we go zigzagging down to the coast—a switch-back railway makes the descent possible.

The Province of Natal and its two chief cities of Durban and Pietermaritzburg seem very different from anything we have thus far seen. There is the



JINRICKSHAWS

luxuriant vegetation of the tropics, and the social atmosphere is more decidedly English than elsewhere.

Durban is, in fact, one of the most English places in South Africa, and it is certainly one of the most

beautiful. Rickshaws meet us at the station and we find in Natal they take the place of cabs almost entirely. The fares are cheaper than in other places; for about five cents we have a delightful ride from



WEST STREET, DURBAN

the station to the hotel, skimming along over the broad, clean, well-paved streets. Competition is keen among the rickshaw boys, and they seem to enjoy earning their fees. But we learn the great exertion tells on their health in time, and they die early of consumption, although they are chiefly Zulus—the finest native race in Africa. They add a most picturesque element to the street life with their gay costumes—

bright colored tunics, horns on their heads, and bells on their heels.

When we enter the hotel dining room and see what seem to us fifty Moorish princes all in white linen, with snowy turbans, ready to wait upon us, we



ZULUS AT DINNER

feel like the barber in the Arabian Nights, who was moved into the king's palace while he slept and awoke with a royal retinue ready to do his bidding. The many villages and the great Indian temple speak of the number of Malays, who find employment, also, in the mines producing coal and minerals.

The residence portion of Durban is charming. From a distance it is like a great jungle. Villas and bungalows are set in the midst of gardens of rich foliage. The land rises from the sea in wooded terraces and the people find refuge from the heat in this

natural "hanging garden of Babylon." The finest homes are on the high terraces fronting the sea called the Berea. Here there is a view of the land-locked harbor below, which was until lately the "incurable disease" of the country.



ENTRANCE TO DURBAN

A sand bar formed across the entrance to the harbor, over which flowed only two feet of water at low tide. The genius of engineers and the wealth of the Colony have been expended upon this problem. By a system of dredging it is possible now for the great weekly mail ships to pass through the narrow entrance between the long breakwater and the project-

ing land, into the quiet harbor of Port Natal. Here the mail boat terminates its voyage from England after a run of 7,000 miles.

The resorts that surround the city are as pleasing as their musical Zulu names—Umkomas, Amanzimtoti, Umbogintwini. The native languages have for many letters a clicking sound, which, like the Dutch “g,” is difficult to acquire unless one is taught in childhood. One can never be sure of pronunciation where there is such a curious mixture of French, Dutch, Zulu and English names. Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal, was named from the two leaders of the Boers who treked there in 1837. D’Urban was an early English governor, and the name Natal was given to the country by Vasco da Gama, because he first saw the land on the day of Christ’s nativity, in the year 1497.

The tram (street car) service in Durban under municipal ownership is unusually good. There are stations between which one can ride for the small fare of a penny. Instead of each shopkeeper having his own carriers, deliveries from the stores are made by tram.

There are some seventy thousand people in Durban, but like most of the commercial centers in South Africa the city seems much larger. Here as elsewhere there is time to enjoy life, and at eleven o’clock and at four o’clock all business seems suspended, and the tea-rooms are thronged. The docks

are always a scene of activity, for this rich district raises many products for exportation. The chief wealth of Natal is in sugar, tea, cereals, live stock and coal.

A voyage of 800 miles around the coast past the Cape of Storms (which often does credit to the name) and we are in Cape Town once more. Here the steamer delays three days—four weeks more of ocean travel await us before we see the shores of America.

The American has the reputation of being the "globe-trotter," but the Africander is a greater traveler. Families of moderate means plan to go "home," as they call England or Scotland, every five years, and one frequently meets students from some European school who have come home to Africa to see their parents during the two months' summer vacation—a distance as far as the journey from San Francisco to London. To us this cruise half-way round the world is a great achievement, to the traveled, cosmopolitan Africander it is an everyday affair.

MISSIONS

A VISIT to South Africa is incomplete without some acquaintance with missions and mission work. Far to the north in Nyassa Land are the stations of the Dutch Reformed Church. On the Zambesi the French are at work among the Barotsi. There are English, Scotch and American missionaries in nearly every native settlement.

While our steamer delays several days in Table Bay we shall have time to visit the oldest mission station in Africa. At Gnadendal four generations have felt the benefit of Christian teaching, and one may see the result of missionary work among the African natives.

In 1737 a Moravian, George Schmidt, wished to go to Africa to work with the blacks. He was crippled by the chains he had worn during his five years' imprisonment, at a time when a severe religious persecution was directed against the Moravians in Germany. He reformed the life of the rough sailors on his ship by preaching and teaching among them on his outward voyage. At Cape Town he went to work at once among the slaves. It was a new idea that blacks could have souls, and the authorities of the Dutch East India Company, alarmed at the success of his labors, banished him from the city.

He sought refuge near what is now the town of

Caledon, in a lonely valley called Bavian's Kloof (the vale of baboons). Here the Hottentots, the most hopeless and degraded of the natives, came to him. The fame of his work spread abroad, and the people at Stellenbosh, two hundred miles away, complained that the tinkling of his little church bell disturbed the quiet of their Sabbath morning, and they insisted on his recall.

For fifty years an old colored woman treasured the bible he had given her. Some years after Schmidt had left Africa she was in Cape Town when a company of Moravians came on shore. She recognized them by their manner of dress, showed them her bible wrapped in sheepskin, and they took her story home to Germany. A new band of Moravian missionaries was sent out, and the work in Bavian's Kloof, which now became Gnadendal (the vale of grace), was recommenced.

When we enter the village we drive past neat little homes made of sun-baked bricks. Trellised grape vines shade the doorways. The valley below is filled with prosperous farms. In the church on Sunday a thousand voices are lifted in praise—a native organist plays with fine expression the large pipe organ. On one side of the church sit the women in their neat white kerchiefs and aprons—on the other side are the men. Facing each other in front are the benches filled with most attractive little boys and girls. The people look clean, self-respecting and intelligent. The mis-

sionaries live on a very small salary, but their homes show great refinement, and they are extremely interesting men and women. There is a printing office, a training school for native teachers, and everything possible is done to ennoble the lives of the natives.

At the home of a descendant of Count Zinzendorf we see the portrait of this great leader of the Moravians. The treasure for which book collectors have offered a small fortune is shown us at the home of another missionary. It is the first bible ever placed in the hands of a black—the one given by Schmidt to the old Hottentot woman and so carefully preserved by her for fifty years. At other stations in Africa, because the work is newer, it has many more discouraging features; here the hundred years of toil are beginning to produce results.

In the old garden of George Schmidt is a pear tree which he planted. Every one thought it dead for a number of years, then fresh shoots came out, and to-day it is a flourishing tree, bearing fruit. The results of great sacrifice and hard work are often for the generations that are to come. So many heroic lives from the time of Schmidt and Livingstone down to the present have been sacrificed to Africa that the story of the pear tree should be symbolical of her future.

HISTORICAL

THE ANGLO-BOER WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

PREVIOUS to the year 1900 there were many types of government south of the Zambesi. There were two republics, the South African Republic and the Orange Free State, two British colonies, Natal and Cape Colony, besides a chartered company possession, Rhodesia, the native protectorates, and a German province.

Cape Colony, the most southern province in Africa, had become British territory in 1806, after having had an unprogressive career under the Dutch East India Company for about a hundred and fifty years. The dissatisfied element left the colony in the year 1836, the year of the Great Trek, leaving a population largely British, or at least in sympathy with British rule. Thus Cape Town became the natural center for the landing and dispersing of British troops during the war. When in the course of the fighting the Boers invaded the northern part of Cape Colony, it can not be said that they received enthusiastic support.

In 1842 the province of Natal, at least the English section, having suffered continually from native incursions, was not loth to avail itself of the protection of the British troops. The short-lived Dutch Republic established here by one contingent of the

Trekers in 1836, did not surrender without a struggle. Natalia, the name the Dutch Republic had borne for its short career, became the English province of Natal. A small band of those who refused to acknowledge British sway migrated northward again to join their Dutch friends in the Transvaal. That Natal needs the backing of a government strong enough to make the natives respect it is evident from the recent uprising among the Zulus. A small tax called the "hut tax" was imposed upon the natives. They resented being asked to contribute to government support, united against the whites, and in April, 1906, it became necessary to call out the troops for the protection of the white population. Since the blacks outnumber the whites south of the Zambesi in the ratio of about twenty to one, it is well that they do not realize their numbers nor their power.

This Kafir war was less serious in its results than many which preceded it. But it caused for a time strained relations between the Imperial Government and Natal. The circumstances were these: Some officers in the service of the government were killed by the rebellious Zulus; the guilty ones were caught and ordered to execution. The Parliament of England interfered and the colonial ministry of Natal showed its displeasure by resigning, whereupon the Imperial Government withdrew its protest, satisfied on becoming thoroughly acquainted with the facts

of the case that the Natal authorities had acted justly. The execution of the natives which followed seemed to have a wholesome effect upon the chiefs still in rebellion. All of which proves that beyond a certain point the central authorities may not interfere with the colonies, and that the people who have lived a long time in the country understand far better the native question than those who have built up theories from pure speculation without any practical knowledge of native affairs.

The Orange River Colony was also settled by a party who had helped to make up the numbers that formed the Great Trek. Continual native disturbances gave the British an excuse for taking possession of that territory. In 1854 an expert on African affairs, Sir George Cathcart, suggested that the province be given up—it being in his opinion a land fit for springboks only. The Boers established here a thriving republic. When war became imminent between the South African Republic and the British, the Orange Free State, as the Boers named their little republic, was urged to remain neutral, the British promising if it complied with this request that its independence should be secure. The Orange Free State, however, preferred to cast its lot with that of its sister republic.

This sister, the South African Republic, was also a trek settlement. It had been proclaimed British territory in 1877, but the Boers had protested in word

and action. They took up arms, and after the battle of Majuba Hill the South African Republic was recognized, the ministry of Gladstone upholding the cause of the Boers in England. The South African Republic did not live to come of age. Born in 1881, it ceased to exist in 1900. Had it not been for the discovery of gold in the South African Republic its history might have been very different. In 1890 the whole aspect of affairs was changed by the finding of gold within the boundaries of this republic. From all over the world came fortune hunters. After the first excitement had died out, they found that there were political conditions which seemed unjust. All Uitlanders, as those who were not Dutch were called, were heavily taxed, had no schools, and were denied the franchise practically. From past experience the Boers had cause to be apprehensive lest the government should pass out of their control. A union was formed among those who had no vote to protest against political conditions and to try to better them. The action of Dr. Jameson at this time made peaceable settlement impossible. With 500 mounted men he crossed the border land from Rhodesia to take government affairs out of the hands of the Dutch by force. President Kruger, who for many years had held this title in the South African Republic, was ready for him. Jameson and his company were obliged to surrender to Kruger and his burghers. Several of the ring leaders in Johannesburg, and

Jameson himself suffered imprisonment and fine.

The Republic now put itself in a position to resist all further interference—ammunition was imported, every burgher had a rifle, and forts were erected. On October 9, 1899, the Dutch sent this ultimatum to the British.

The British troops stationed on the border land of the Republic were to be instantly withdrawn, and the reinforcements then coming by sea from England were not to be landed in Africa. If an answer was not given within forty-eight hours it would be considered equivalent to a declaration of war. The British government said it regretted that such a demand had been made but it had no further communication to make, and the war began.

The Boers were in readiness. Within three days 50,000 men were in the field, mounted and armed. It soon became evident that the ambition of the Dutch extended to all the land south of the Zambesi. Rhodesia was to be held by capturing Mafeking, the strategic point. An invasion was planned into Natal, and Kimberley was besieged. The siege of Kimberley lasted one hundred and twenty-four days, and was relieved by General French. General Joubert of the Dutch forces invaded Natal, and for one hundred and sixteen days Sir George White was hemmed in at Ladysmith. General Buller came to his rescue, February 28, 1900, and the siege collapsed. Shortly afterward General Joubert, one of the bravest and

most respected of the Boer commanders, died. Mafeking held out under Colonel Baden-Powell for two hundred and fifteen days, one of the longest sieges in history. After its relief the army of the Boer general, Cronje, surrendered at the Modder River. This was followed by the entrance into Bloemfontein (the capital of the Orange Free State), of Lord Roberts, which event marks the loss of this republic to the Dutch. This state had had a short but interesting history of less than fifty years.

It was seen that the British had greatly underestimated the strength of the Boers, and during the first months of the war nearly all the engagements had resulted in favor of the Dutch. To relieve the sieges of Mafeking, Kimberley and Ladysmith, contingents were poured in from New Zealand, Canada, and Australia. The most able and experienced of British generals, Lord Roberts and General Kitchener, took charge of the forces in South Africa.

After the relief of the besieged cities the war was practically decided, but guerrilla warfare continued until May, 1902. General De Wet became commander-in-chief of the Boer forces and was unwilling to give up the struggle. At last it became evident even to him that it was a useless fight. The terms of peace that closed the war are interesting.

The farms were to be restocked, this provision—the conqueror indemnifying the conquered—being unusual in the history of warfare. A further clause

in the peace articles which somewhat reconciled the Boers to new conditions was that the Dutch language should be preserved by being taught in the schools. This last has not proved a source of harmony, and South Africa is perhaps the only country in the world where a knowledge of two languages, and one of them a dialect, is necessary if a man is to conduct successfully any business. That nothing tends to foster the spirit of racial division more than a dual language South Africa has proved.

A feature of the war about which much has been written was the concentration camp. Here the women and children were collected from the devastated farms and some attempt was made to continue the schooling of the children. Teachers came from Canada and from all parts of the British empire to teach in these concentration schools.

The Boer prisoners who were captured by the British during the war were sent to the island of St. Helena or Ceylon. The year of exile on these islands was a school of experience to the young Boers, who are not prone to travel far from home. It was during this period of captivity that many of the young men decided to give their lives to mission work among the natives, as some reparation for the wrongs the blacks had suffered at their hands. "We took the land from the natives," they said, "and now ours is taken from us that we may realize the evil thing we did in the past."

So strong is the prejudice among some of the Dutch in South Africa against British rule that rather than submit to the British government there was a new trek at the close of the war. A party migrated to German East Africa, another company sought homes in South America in the Argentine Republic, and a third division went to the northwestern corner of the United States.

It was said that in 1900 there were many types of government south of the Zambesi River, now it is all British territory save German West Africa. The Orange Free State has become the Orange River Colony, the South African Republic has become the Transvaal. In 1906 all disabilities were removed and these two new colonies were granted self government.

Even after long residence in South Africa it is hard for an American to decide the right and the wrong of this war. It resolves itself into the question as to whether freedom has any value if not conducive to the best in civilization and in progress.



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EX-PRESIDENT KRUGER'S HOME AT PRETORIA, SOUTH AFRICA

